Vol 9 The War Illustrated Nº 225

SIXPENCE

and AFTERWARDS

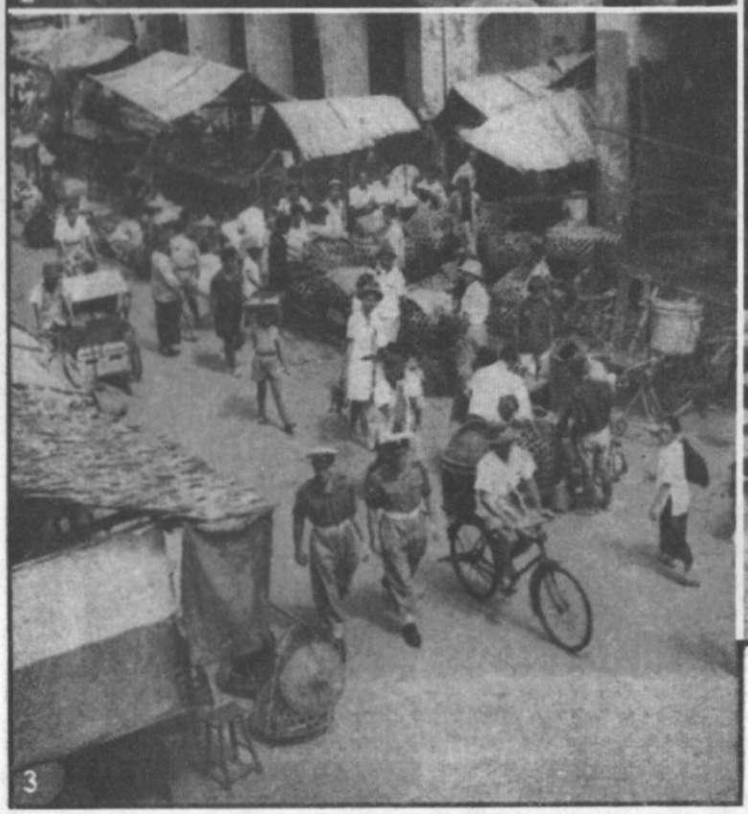
FEBRUARY 1, 1946

**BLACK BOAR OF THE 30th CORPS**, famous "flash" sign of these renowned fighting-men, has been rendered permanent in bronze at Nienburg, centre of British-controlled Germany. It was unveiled on December 15, 1945, by Lt.-Gen. Sir Brian Horrocks, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C. This was his last duty as the Corps Commander. The statue, mounted on a stone pedestal designed and executed by three members of the Corps and bearing the battle honours, was inspected by troops after the ceremony.

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 226 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15

# In the Far East Our Forces Are Still Busy



**AT SAIGON, CAPITAL OF INDO-CHINA,** Royal Navy ratings formed a dignified guard when, on November 24, 1945, Japanese ceremoniously laid down their arms (1). Boon to our men in Singapore is the well-stocked Services Amenities Stores in which (2) a soldier inspects a purchase. R.A.F. police (3, centre foreground), mixed with crowds in Singapore's bazaars in their war against the Black Market. Lord Alanbrooke, Chief of Imperial General Staff, inspected 5th Parachute Brigade troops at Johore (4) on December 6. PAGE 610 *Photos, British Official*

# What of the Mediterranean's Future?

By
HENRY BAERLEIN

THE almost landlocked "Middle Sea," which washes the shores of Europe, Asia and Africa, is the heritage of a number of States. Freedom of passage through its waters and the future ownership of its many strategic ports and islands are problems which will exercise to the full the wits of statesmen charged with their solving, as our well-known contributor shows in this article specially written for "The War Illustrated."

THE downfall of Hitler and Mussolini has put a stop to a couple of dreams: that of the "Drang nach Osten" (Thrust towards the East) and the "Mare Nostrum" (Our Sea), both of which would have been, if realized, most perilous to the interests of other Mediterranean Powers. It is not generally remembered that the countries surrounding the Middle Sea have, along its shores, 24 cities with over 100,000 inhabitants in each of them. These countries, great and small, now stand liberated from a certain peril, but with uncertainty on many points that demand a settlement.

The "Drang nach Osten" has been replaced by a "Drang nach Westen," for while Russia on the mainland of Europe has extended her frontiers in a westerly direction by absorbing a part of East Prussia, including Koenigsberg, its capital, re-annexing the three Baltic States and moving the eastern boundary of Poland a good deal nearer Warsaw, she has not abandoned her age-old desire with regard to the Dardanelles, though willing, for the sake of the substance, to forgo the shadow of Istanbul.

The Russians cannot be charged with overweening Imperialism if they ask that their Black Sea should no longer have at its exit a gate in alien possession. The best solution would be no gate at all, an unfortified Dardanelles with free access in and out for everyone. It is less easy to sympathize with a Russian claim to a port on the Libyan coast; but that is perhaps a bargaining counter which will be gracefully conceded.

## Libya and the Arab League

The future of Libya, as yet undecided, is being watched by the newly-created Arab League, which likewise has its "Drang nach Westen." There are many Italians who have no wish to have Libya, with its Moslem background, remain on their hands; but as the fertile portions of the land have on them Italian settlers, mostly of very recent years, they would probably agree to be transferred—with adequate compensation. With the Arabs in Libya, and thus all around the eastern basin of the Mediterranean, there might be no need for them to object to Palestine being left chiefly to the Jews. The extension of the Arab world might indeed reawaken the glory of their Spanish days, before Ferdinand and Isabella drove them out in the 15th century, much to the detriment of Andalusia. Architects, poets and philosophers were the Moslems of Spain; in their centuries of exile they have handed down from father to son the unwieldy keys of many a house in Seville. Instead of seeking for what no longer exists they will, it is to be hoped, in their enlarged African home turn, as did their ancestors, the keys of the door of knowledge.

MENTION of Spain recalls the Balearic Islands, one of the Mediterranean problems we have before us. When the Catalans, like the Basques and the Galicians, achieve their long-desired autonomy after the end of the Franco regime, the Balearics, despite their ancient Moslem links, will gladly share the fortunes of Catalonia. The sole question remaining is that of the port of Mahon in Minorca.

It was this excellent harbour and not the whole island which Britain possessed for some years in the 18th century, and there seems to be no reason why a friendly arrangement for the renewal of that state of things should not be made. The people of Minorca would assuredly urge the central government to carry out such a plan, so greatly to the local financial advantage. Let us remember how the communications between France and North Africa were imperilled in the early days of the recent war by the midway Balearics, and with the best will in the world it may again be impossible for Spain to prevent these harbours being misused by some anti-democratic power.

There is another island, Pantelleria, which caused us a good deal of trouble in the war, since it made the passage to Malta far more dangerous. Mussolini had heavily fortified it and, though it has no port of any size and is incapable of sheltering more than one or two destroyers, the airfields were well developed. The administration of this small island has been temporarily given to the Italians again, but in the final settlement of the Mediterranean it should at any rate be leased to Britain. Very possibly its inhabitants, if consulted, would vote for definite inclusion in the Empire, as was the expressed wish of the Sicilians in the days of Nelson, Duke of Bronté. To be sure there are Sicilians today whose devotion to the rest of Italy is not the strongest of their sentiments, but they will not receive encouragement from this country. The Separatist movement remains so powerful that when towards the end of December 1945 the carabinieri attacked a stronghold of theirs near Catania no less than 80 Separatists are said to have been killed.

In the eastern Mediterranean the fate of the islands of the Dodecanese is not in doubt; for Turkey, off whose shores they lie, has stated that she has no objection to the hoisting of the Greek flag over islands whose people are so entirely Hellenic. Here again Russia has said a word or two, but probably not very seriously. When the Italians seized these islands in 1912 in the course of their war against the Turks, they made promises of autonomy and of evacuation which they did not fulfil. Britain, years before that, promised to evacuate Cyprus if Russia would do the same with regard to Batoum, of which there is not the remotest likelihood.

For a long time Cyprus suffered neglect, but in recent times has been so much in the eye of the Colonial Office that it is probably not mere propaganda to say that disgruntled politicians and a few churchmen are the only Cypriots who are unwilling to continue under the Union Jack. However, if, as in the case of the Ionian Islands, Cyprus is given to Greece at some future date, the port of Famagusta should be retained. With the expenditure of a comparatively small sum it can be made into a most useful harbour for our warships.

## Free Passage Must Be Assured

In the Adriatic it will be for the general well-being if no obstruction is offered to any sailing on their lawful occasions. And when the Italians laid hands in 1914 on the Albanian island of Saseno, just off the southern coast, fortified it strongly and prohibited the Albanians from access to it, they were not only infringing the sovereignty of that people but were injuriously affecting a number of others; for at the narrowest part of the Adriatic they held both shores and could—theoretically, at all events—close that sea to the north of the Saseno line.

Yugoslavia would thus have been inaccessible to her friends by sea, while the great port of Trieste, serving Czechoslovakia, Austria and the rest of Central Europe, would have been denied free access to the lands beyond the Adriatic. Saseno must therefore, without any subterfuge, be wholly restored to the Albanians, with the proviso that if they are ever tempted for the sake of a loan—and their finances are not their strongest suit—to waive their sovereignty over Saseno it must be to an international body.

**MEDITERRANEAN ISLANDS AND PORTS, certain of which have for centuries provoked national rivalries, today present an enigma no less complex. The future of Italian possessions such as Pantelleria, the Dodecanese, and the African colony of Libya is of vital importance in a final settlement of the European problem.** *Specially drawn for* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

IT will be seen that many questions as to the Middle Sea, the Sea of Destiny, which has played so great a part in the history of our civilization, remain to be solved. There was a time, somewhat lost in the mists of antiquity, when this area of something over a million square miles was divided into two parts by the land which stretched from Africa to Europe, so that sweet water lay to the east and salt water to the west of the line in which Malta was probably a hill.

The Mediterranean is now not divided; it is the inheritance of a number of States. Freedom of passage through its waters must be assured to them; they must not exercise intolerable control in any part under their jurisdiction. In fact, the statesmen who will make the Mediterranean their problem to be solved will often find themselves sailing between the Scylla and Charybdis of that sea. And it is to be hoped they will refuse to listen to the songs of any evilly-disposed Siren.

# America's Debt to Britain and Russia

## MAJ.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN K.C.B., D.S.O., on the Report of the Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army to the Secretary of War. July 1, 1943—June 30, 1945

IN October 1945 the U.S. Information Service issued excerpts from the biennial report dealing with the last two years of the War, which General George Marshall, the Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army, had presented to the U.S. Secretary of War. These excerpts, though extensively quoted by the Press, were not available to the general public ; the reprint of General Marshall's full report, by H.M. Stationery Office, at 2s. 6d. should therefore be welcomed, for it deserves to be carefully read and retained for future reference.

Of the 123 pages of the report 82 are devoted to a very clear, condensed account of the operations in Europe, beginning with the invasion of Sicily, and of those in the Far East beginning with the project for reopening communications with China. This record is of great historical interest, chiefly because it describes how and when the Allied strategical plans were formulated and how they had to be modified to meet actual conditions, in particular the shortage of shipping. Naturally, in describing the execution of the plans the narrative is devoted mainly to the part played by American forces, but sight is not lost of the contribution made by British and other Allied troops.

No one is better qualified than General Marshall to explain the strategical problems the Allies had to solve. He throws, for instance, much light on the factors affecting the prosecution of the War in Italy, where heavy sacrifices had to be accepted in the interests of the main offensive in western France, and to provide the force for the subsidiary southern landing. Although it has long been known that such sacrifices were necessary, I doubt if their extent is fully realized, nor do I think it is generally known that the Allied forces in Italy were outnumbered by the Germans throughout.

### WHY the Landing in Southern France Had to Be Postponed

General Marshall constantly emphasizes how shortage of shipping and landing craft affected the development of Allied plans. For that reason D-Day was postponed for a month, and the landing in southern France, originally intended to synchronize with it, was held back till landing craft used in Normandy could be transferred to the Mediterranean. These and many other points are cleared up by General Marshall's authoritative narrative.

His account of the Far Eastern operations deals mainly with the American offensive in the Pacific and with General Stilwell's share in the Burma campaign, but it is none the less of interest to British readers because it demonstrates the potentialities of sea-air power and how they can be exploited. Since the operations took place in an unfamiliar geographical setting, a clear account of them is all the more to be welcomed.

### BRITISH and Russian Peoples Gave U.S. Time to Arm Herself

The story of how a rapid decision was made to land on Leyte instead of on Mindanao, as had been planned, is of particular interest, for it shows that when the team is working well together and mutual confidence is established decisions can be given as quickly by a committee as by a single over-all commander. The proposal was first made to the joint Chiefs of Staff during the Quebec Conference by Admiral Halsey as a result of his reconnaisance operations, and it was immediately referred to General MacArthur in order to ascertain if he agreed and was in a position to change his plans.

MacArthur's reply was received two days later, while the Chiefs of Staff were attending an official dinner. Yet within ninety minutes MacArthur had received instructions to proceed with the new plan, and his acknowledgment reached General Marshall as he was returning to his quarters from the dinner. The execution of the new plan, which most successfully caught the Japanese on the wrong foot, was equally prompt.

Interesting and valuable as an historical record as General Marshall's account of the evolution of Allied strategy is, the parts of his report which deal with America's unpreparedness for war, with the measures taken to mobilize her potential resources, his forecast of the dangers that threaten her future security and his recommendation for the organization of defence to meet them, are for British readers of even more outstanding interest. Under all these headings American records and defence problems bear a close similarity to our own. America can no longer rely implicitly on the protection afforded by the wide stretches of the Atlantic and Pacific, any more than we can on the narrow waters of the Channel.

In commenting on American unpreparedness for war General Marshall frankly admits that " the refusal of the British and Russian peoples to accept what appeared to be inevitable defeat was the great factor in the salvage of our civilization " coupled with " the failure of the enemy to make the most of the situation." It was those factors and not the Atlantic " moat " that gave America time to arm herself.

To emphasize the risks America ran, General Marshall in his introduction gives a synopsis of German and Japanese strategic plans and the causes of their failure, quoting the evidence of high-ranking German officers obtained since the surrender. This is very interesting, but even more interesting are General Marshall's comments on it. He writes, " There can be no doubt that the greed and mistakes of the war-making nations as well as the heroic stands of the British and Soviet peoples saved the United States a war on her own soil. The crisis had come and passed at Stalingrad and El Alamein before the nation was able to gather sufficient resources to participate in the fight in a determining manner."

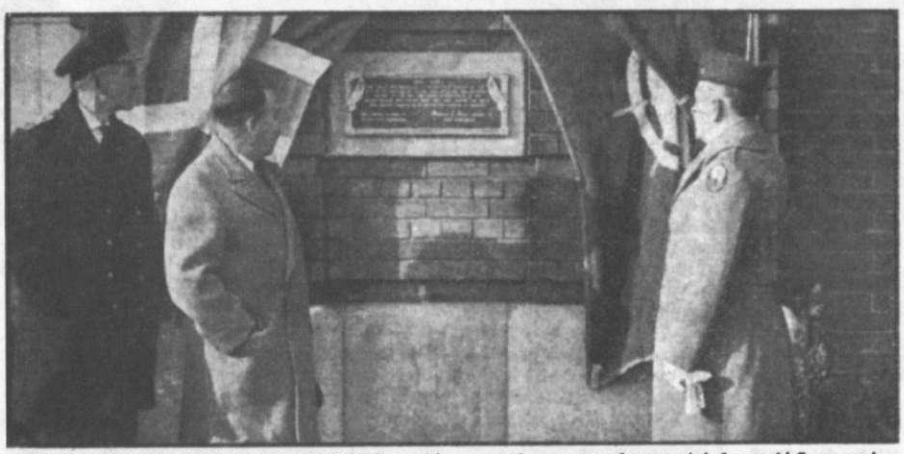
### RATHER Terrifying Possibility Admitted by General Marshall

In another section dealing with the complete mobilization of American man-power, General Marshall records that to give General Eisenhower the impetus for final destruction of the German Army the last two combat divisions in the United States were dispatched to him, and his comment is " even with two-thirds of the German Army engaged by Russia it took every man the nation saw fit to mobilize to do our part of the job in Europe and at the same time keep the Japanese enemy under control in the Pacific. What would have been the result had the Red Army been defeated and the British islands invaded we can only guess. The possibility is rather terrifying."

So much for the dangers escaped in the past at so great a price and by so narrow a margin ; but General Marshall is more concerned as to how the dangers of the future to America can be met—dangers to which these islands are even more exposed. He accepts the view that with the continued development of modern weapons and technique already in existence, New York and other American cities might be subject to annihilation in a matter of hours, and that the only defence in that kind of warfare is ability and immediate readiness *to attack* which pre-supposes the necessity of maintaining and developing similar weapons.

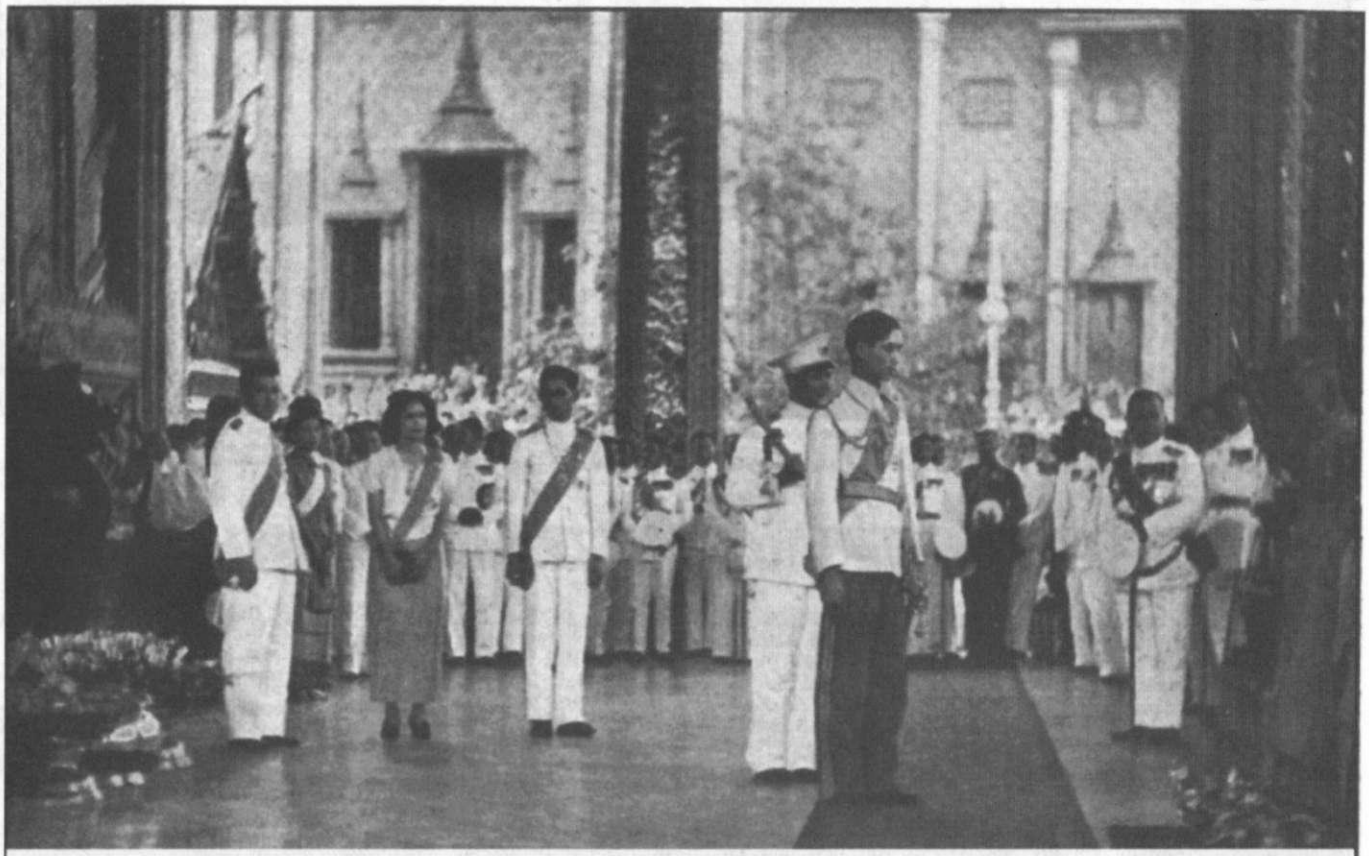
BUT he warns us that power of attack does not rest on machine power only. There must be men not only to produce and operate new weapons of all types, but also to close with the enemy and " tear his operating bases and productive establishments away from him before the war can end." He quotes as proof that the Battle of Britain and the amazing later development of anti-aircraft defences did not relieve Britain from air attack. Not until we had physical possession of the launching sites and factories that produced the V weapons did the attacks cease.

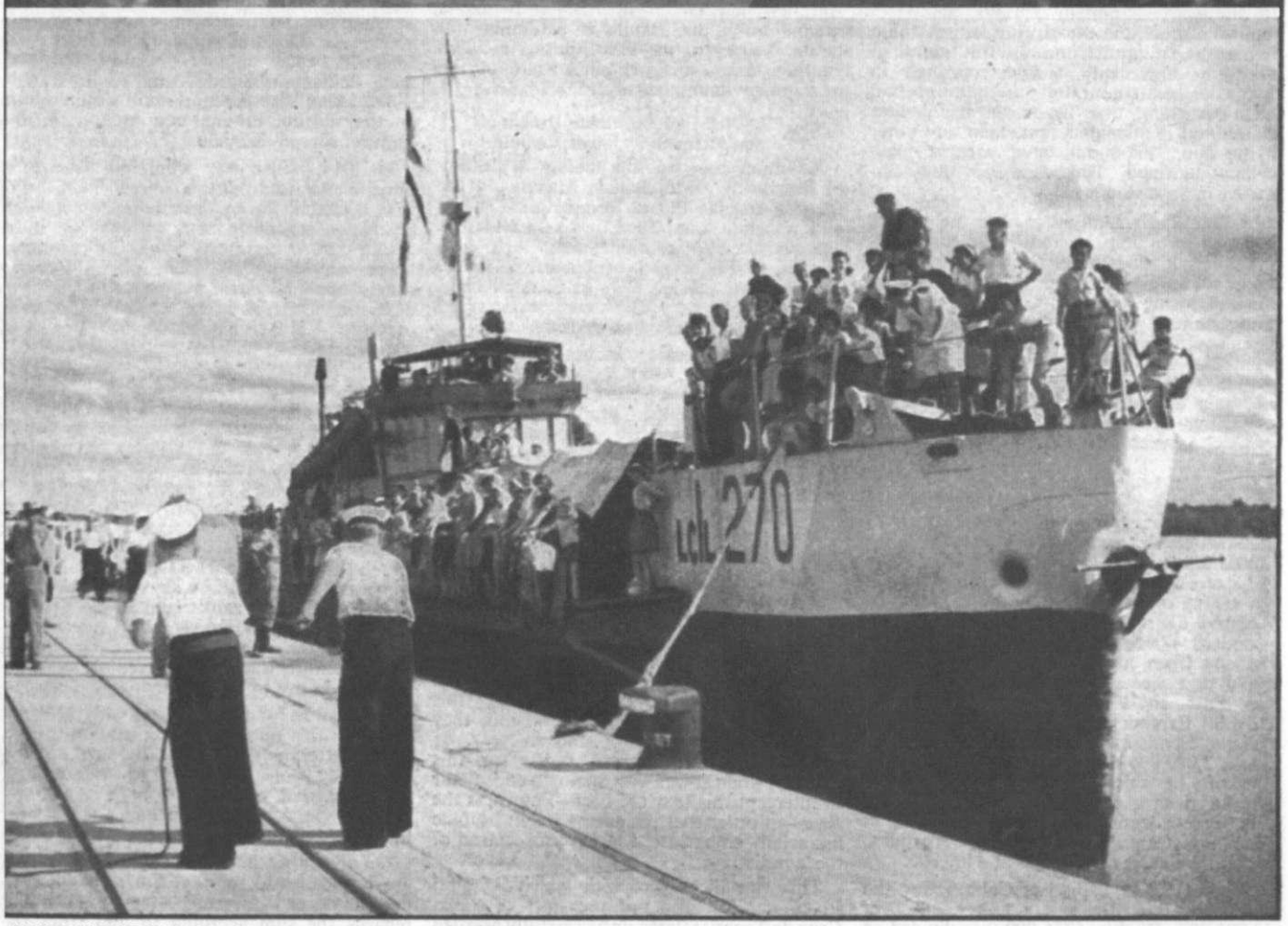
For these reasons he advocates universal military training which will provide a source from which (a) the regular Services available for immediate action would be filled by voluntary recruitment, and (b) from which trained men would be directed by selection to such war duties as an emergency situation required. The training establishments, he suggests, should, however, normally be kept distinct from and form no part of the regular Services. This organization, he considers, would provide for rapid partial mobilization and complete mobilization within one year. Should not we be prepared to accept universal service on much the same lines ?



**OVER 3,500,000 AMERICAN TROOPS besides countless tons of material from U.S. passed through Southampton Docks on their way to European theatres of war. To commemorate this achievement, Col. S. L. Kiser (right), commanding the U.S. 14th Port Army, unveiled a bronze plaque at the entrance to New Docks on January 4, 1946. Mr. R. P. Biddle, Docks Manager, stands second from the left of the photograph..** *Photo, Keystone*

# Siam's Youthful Monarch Returns to His Capital






KING ANANDA MAHIDOL, who went back to his country on October 5, 1945, is seen with his entourage on the steps of the Emerald Buddha's temple at Bangkok (top). He left Siam in 1938 and spent seven years in study in Switzerland. Owing to repeated Indonesian attacks in Java, some 2,500 Dutch women and children were evacuated to Bangkok and other parts of Siam on December 20; the British landing craft L.270 (bottom) which carried them to safety arrives at the Klongtoi docks, Bangkok, where the travellers disembarked.



*Photos, British Official*

**H.M.S. HOWE arrived at Portsmouth from the Far East on January 9, 1946, flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur J. Power, K.C.B., C.V.O., formerly C.-in-C. East Indies Fleet and appointed Second Sea Lord on December 12, 1945. She was the first ship of her tonnage to navigate the Suez Canal; first of the British Pacific Fleet to shoot down a Japanese suicide plane; and the first of her class to enter Portsmouth.** *Photo, G.P.U.*

# Prize Money: The Great Share-Out

PRIZE money is one of the oldest of naval institutions; it can be traced back to the thirteenth century, when King John granted a moiety of their takings to those who manned his galleys in 1205. At that date, of course, the forms and rules by which the proceeds of prizes were divided had not been systematized; but in the "Black Book of the Admiralty," a treatise in Norman French compiled prior to 1351, it is laid down that two shares out of the moiety due to the ship's company should go to the admiral if present at the capture, or one share if absent. An inquiry into doubtful points of maritime law, held at Queenborough in 1375, decided that after the admiral had taken his share, "as the master has greater charge and is of higher rank than any other in the ship," he should have twice as much as any mariner. This view was duly embodied in an ordinance.

In 1642 Parliament assigned to the officers and men of a ship, in addition to their pay, one-third of the value of the prizes taken by them. Seven years later this was altered, one-half being awarded to the captors, and the other half to a fund for the relief of the wounded, widows and orphans. April 1744 was the date of an order that all prizes taken should become the property of the officers and men of the ships that captured them, any shares not claimed within three years to go to Greenwich Hospital.

IT can be understood, therefore, what an important part prize money played in the hard life of the underpaid seamen of the eighteenth century. On occasions the amounts taken were immense; but the Navy did not always get its fair share. Thus, at the taking of Manila, in the Philippines, by Admiral Cornish in 1761, the victors were promised 4,000,000 dollars in silver to save the city from pillage. Only half this sum could be collected, and most of it went to the East India Company. Fortunately, H.M.S. Panther and Argo captured the galleon Santisima Trinidad with treasure worth 3,000,000 dollars. This was probably one of the ships dispatched annually to Manila from Acapulco, in Mexico. That redoubtable leader, Commodore Anson, in the famous Centurion, took the 1743 Acapulco galleon with treasure valued at £400,000.

When Havana, capital of Cuba, fell to the British in 1762, the booty was worth over £3,000,000. Of this, £736,000 was divided as prize money between the naval and military forces. The share of the admiral, Sir George Pocock, was £122,697; that of a captain came to £1,600; of a petty officer, £17 5s. 3d.: and of a seaman or marine, £3 14s. 9½d. To Captain the Hon. Augustus Hervey and those serving under him in H.M.S. Dragon came an extra windfall, for on the passage home with dispatches a French ship worth £30,000 was taken.

In 1781 Admiral (afterwards Lord) Rodney captured the Dutch island of St. Eustatius, in the West Indies, with 150 merchantmen and produce valued at over £3,000,000. Another rich Dutch prize came with the occupation of the islands of Amboina and Banda Neira, in the East Indies, in 1796. On that occasion a captain's share of the prize money amounted to £15,000.

## STRANGE and Profitable Dream of the Alcmene's 'Silver Captain'

A famous case was the taking in the Bay of Biscay by four British frigates of the Spanish frigates Santa Brigida and Thetis, with treasure from Mexico worth £600,000. This yielded in prize money £40,730 to each captain, £5,091 to each lieutenant, £2,468 to each warrant officer, £791 to each midshipman and £182 4s. 9½d. to each seaman and marine in the four British ships.

A traditional story is told of Captain Digby of H.M.S. Alcmene, whose arrival at a critical moment prevented the Santa Brigida from escaping. During the previous night he had come on deck to alter his course from S.S.W. to north as the result of a vivid dream in which he was earnestly enjoined to do so. This strange episode won for Digby—an ancestor of the present Lord Digby, and afterwards an admiral—the nickname of "the Silver Captain."

It will be observed from the foregoing that the most valuable prizes in British naval history have been Spanish. For over three centuries Spain derived her chief revenues from the gold, silver and precious stones brought across the sea from Mexico and Peru. Usually the ships carrying this treasure assembled at Havana, whence they were accustomed to sail once a year. It therefore became a settled policy for this country, when at war with Spain, to endeavour to intercept this treasure fleet—known as the *flota*—in order that the enemy might become financially embarrassed in the prosecution of the conflict.

This was the object with which Admiral Blake in 1656 attacked the Port of Santa Cruz de Tenerife (later unsuccessfully assailed by Nelson), in which the *flota* had sought refuge. Led by his second-in-command, Captain Stayner, the vanguard of Blake's fleet succeeded in taking three out of four treasure ships; two were destroyed by fire, but the survivor yielded some £600,000.

In 1708 Commodore Wager (whose name is now borne by a destroyer) fell in with the *flota* in the West Indies; he sank one treasure ship and captured another, thus becoming a rich man.

On May, 21, 1762, two British frigates, the Active and Favourite, took the Spanish treasure ship Hermione off Cadiz in half an hour. As the total value of the prize was £544,648, each captain received £65,000, each lieutenant £13,000 and each seaman £485. The Vice-Admiral and Commodore on the station, though not present at the capture, shared £65,000.

In 1914, when Mr. Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty, a general Prize Fund was instituted, to be distributed throughout the Navy instead of being confined to those taking part in captures. Under this arrangement nearly £15,000,000 was ultimately shared amongst naval personnel in the proportions of £3,000 to an admiral, £500 to a captain, £120 to a lieutenant, £20 to £25 to a rating and £15 to a boy.

IT was generally imagined that a similar division would be made of the 1939–1945 Prize Fund, estimated to amount to nearly £10,000,000; but last autumn it was reported that the Treasury desired to appropriate this money "for the relief of taxation." So strong was the feeling in the Navy that this proposal was not carried into effect; and on December 19, 1945, the First Lord stated that the Prize Fund would be divided as before, but with less wide variations in the shares to different ranks, and with a proportion allocated to the R.A.F., presumably Coastal Command personnel. He hinted that in future wars the distribution of prize money was not to be expected.

Few will be found to disagree with the naval view of the question as crystallized in a recent letter to the Press. By surrendering the money in the Prize Fund to the Treasury, the most that could have been gained by reduction in taxes would be under £1 a head; this would scarcely be felt.

On the other hand, it would constitute a grave injustice to the sailor, who has had to fight as never before to beat the enemy and regards the sum accruing to him from the Prize Fund as something to which he is justly entitled, even though it may be no more than £20 or £30 for the lowest paid ratings.

# New Guinea Heroes Homeward Bound for Sydney

**FROM JUNGLE BATTLEFIELD THAT WAS WEWAK,** these men of the Sixth Australian Division and R.A.A.F.—all veterans of the New Guinea campaign—cheered as they sailed up Sydney Harbour, assembled on the flight deck of one of our largest aircraft carriers. Cleared of their war-time equipment, with beds crammed into every available space, these big carriers have brought home many thousands of P.O.W. from the Far East. Largest number was 3,500—on the Implacable, our greatest carrier. See also illus. page 480.



*Photo, Planet News*

# How Shall We Use War Inventions for Peace?

Out of evil comes forth good: from the ruins of the Second Great War emerge new ways and means of "making" a more satisfactory—if not happier—world for us all. This knowledgeable summary of the great possibilities that lie in the present and immediately ahead has been specially written for "The War Illustrated" by JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES. See also facing page.

THE necessities of war have forced mankind to crowd into the space of five years a century or more of normal scientific advance. Most of us do not realize the revolution in our daily lives that this makes possible, and it would be well to illustrate it by selecting six fields in which the scientist has entirely altered possibilities and made 1939 look almost as out of date as the world before the steam engine.

I shall say nothing about the atomic bomb except that we hope it is already a thing of the past, while the use of atomic energy in industry is still a thing of the future. There is, however, one by-product of the making of the notorious bomb which will have immediate effect. In 1939 the total world supply of radium in doctors' hands for the treatment of cancer and other diseases was not more than thirty pounds; and hospitals considered themselves lucky if a rich benefactor gave them one-twentieth of an ounce. The "pile" which makes plutonium for the atomic bomb (see illus. page 439) produces as a by-product in a very few hours something like 1,500 lb. of radio-active substances, most of which can be turned over to the doctors. This will not only revolutionize the treatment of cancer but make possible rapid strides in the understanding of how the human body works.

WHILE it will certainly be a long time before atomic energy is used for propulsion of aircraft, aeronautical engineers have plenty to do perfecting jet propulsion and gas-turbine engines. These wartime gifts to aviation make possible air travel in the stratosphere and thus give an economic payload. But at present the gas-turbine has only a ten per cent efficiency, so that much work remains to be done. Prophecies of jet-propelled motor-cars had better be regarded with caution. Imagine getting into a traffic block just behind a jet-propelled vehicle of any sort!

The third great wartime invention, radar, may in time lead to the use of wireless telephones, but its immediate peacetime uses are likely to be confined to fighting the dangers of fog and darkness in air and sea travel (see illus. in this page). Radar has opened up whole new chapters in electron engineering, because it led to our finding out how to use ultra-short wireless waves which will come in very useful in all sorts of telecommunications. The once secret magnetron valve will one day become the delight of every wireless-minded schoolboy.

A fourth great advance with peacetime applications has been the discovery of new synthetic substances to take the place of raw materials which war put out of our reach. Let us consider five of these, every one of them of outstanding importance.

### Making Sugar From Wood-Pulp

First, artificial rubber can now be produced more cheaply than natural rubber and of a quality better than natural rubber for most uses. For some time to come so much rubber will be wanted that there will be plenty of markets for plantations in Malaya and elsewhere, but the inevitable result in ten years' time will be that nations will find it more convenient to employ skilled labour at home making artificial rubber than cheap labour half-way across the world on the plantations.

**NAVIGATION BY RADAR was demonstrated to Capt. Edward Griffiths on board his ship Atlantic Coast by Mr. Fleming Williams, the radar expert. The apparatus, which gives warning of approaching vessels, icebergs, submerged rocks, and even a man floating on a raft, has proved so successful that 120 Coast Line ships are being equipped with it.** *Photo, G.P.U.*

Second, in Sweden they have had to find a use for huge stores of wood and wood-pulp which they could not export owing to the war. This has led to the development of ways of manufacturing both motor fuel and sugar from forest trees. This motor fuel will make us less dependent on petrol, and in the long run the sugar from wood pulp may bring about a major revolution by taking the place of sugar from both cane and beet.

Third, in Germany a kind of butter has been produced from coal. This may sound fantastic, but it is a symbol of the way in which coal is becoming the raw material for so many valuable synthetic productions that it may one day become a crime to use it merely as fuel.

Fourth, in England and Germany it has been found possible to produce first-class protein by cultivating a kind of yeast plant. This protein costs only sixpence a pound to create, which is far less expensive than protein from beef or mutton. If we developed food yeast as rapidly and on as large a scale as we have developed penicillin, for example, the world meat shortage would disappear. We could feed starving Europe without thinking of tightening our belts, and we could raise the standard of living of millions of people in Asia and Africa.

Fifth, the announcement by I.C.I. recently of paludrine, a very cheap drug capable of preventing and curing malaria, means that the world is no longer dependent upon the Dutch island of Java for its weapons against this disease. This may seem of minor importance to the British reader, but we should remember that millions die every year in India alone from malaria, and that there has never been enough quinine available at a cheap enough price even to begin to attack the Indian malaria problem.

These five examples of how the chemist is taking over from nature the supply of raw materials, foods, drugs, fuels, should remind us that science has not only produced destruction during the last five years.

Another important scientific advance is the development of plastics; that is, of a whole range of synthetic substances which can be easily moulded into almost any shape. Let us take but one example: one of the great objects of the modern industrial scientist is the elimination of weight. That is why aluminium has taken the place of steel for so many purposes, especially in aviation. I have seen a plastic made of glass-fibre and synthetic resin which has all the mechanical properties of aluminium and which is far more easily moulded, weighing only two-thirds as much as the light metal.

### Victory Over Deadly Diseases

Nobody is going to change from metal to plastics for mere variety, and a great deal of nonsense is talked of the all-plastic automobile; but plastic chemistry has provided us with a whole series of new substances which have a future because they are able to give better service in a dozen different ways than any previously known substance.

Some plastics will be substituted for glass; others for china and pottery; yet others will be successful rivals of wood and metals. Of course, none of these substances will be entirely superseded: plastics will only be used when their special qualities make it worth while. One of the great advantages of plastics, especially from our point of view in Britain, is that they can be made out of raw materials which do not have to be imported, and there is no need to emphasize the importance of that fact at this time.

NO survey of scientific advance, however brief, can exclude certain revolutionary advances in medicine. D.D.T. and possibly gammexane, one Swiss and the other British, can free the world of typhus; paludrine may destroy malaria once and for all; penicillin offers complete victory over several deadly diseases, including that cause of untold suffering, gonorrhea. The "sulpha" drugs save tens of thousands of lives; blood transfusion is reducing infant mortality and making surgical operations, which would once have been quite hopeless, successful.

The medical profession hopes to have, very shortly, a really powerful cure for tuberculosis. And the comparatively new science of psychiatry, having well used the opportunities which war has afforded it, stands ready to help us with the thousand peacetime problems of unhappy, ill-adjusted, unbalanced minds.

It would be a very good thing if those people who, terrified by the atomic bomb, think of science as a destructive force and scientists as trouble-makers, realized the creative gifts which have come from recent scientific achievement. Scientists, it is true, cannot make a peaceful world; that is the business of statesmen. But if the statesmen do their work properly, scientists can make a peacetime world far more satisfactory for its inhabitants to live in.

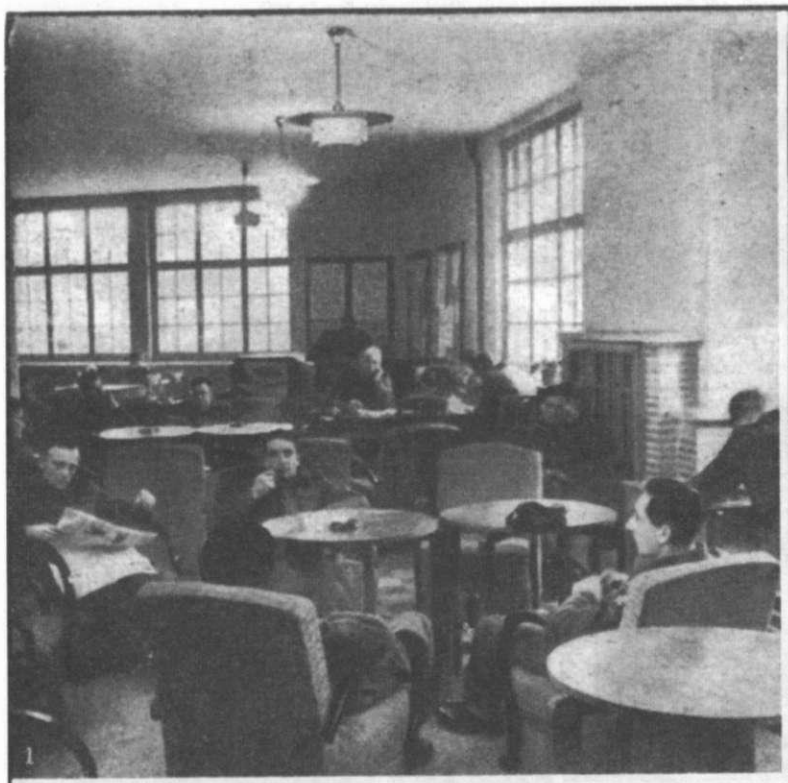
# New Gifts of the Scientists to All Mankind

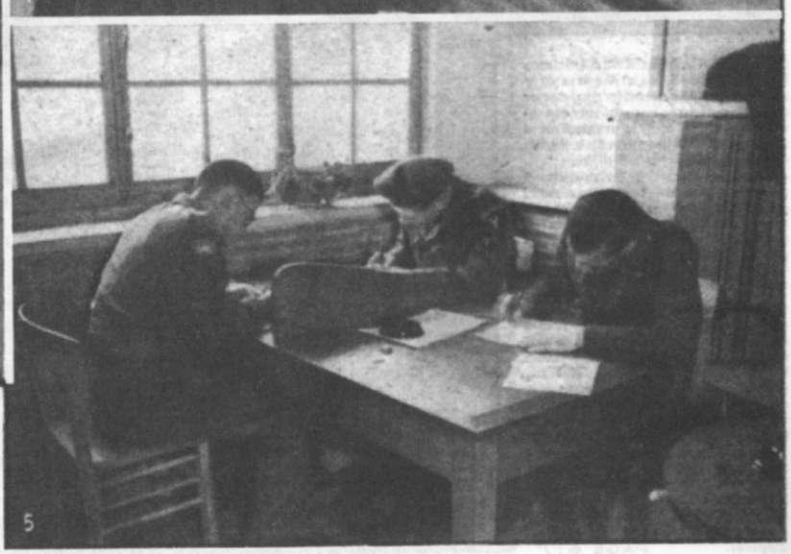
**PLASTIC MATERIALS** can be moulded into almost any shape, as household or car fittings, furniture, wireless-sets. Only three ingredients are needed—synthetic resin (the basis); the "filler," to mix in for the required texture and strength; and powdered dye. Manufacture is equally simple: the mixture is put into moulds of the objects desired, and pressure and heat applied.

Other new substances include nylon, samples from each roll of which are strenuously tested in the laboratory (1), and D.D.T., (2) being used to delouse a child at Coblenz. A plastics wardrobe with aluminium fittings (3). Plastic "dough" (4) is mixed before being moulded into knife-handles, fountain-pen cases, tooth-brushes. See also facing page.

*Photos, British Nylon Spinners, Associated Press, Keystone, Topical*

# Brussels' Hospitality to Our Men on Leave

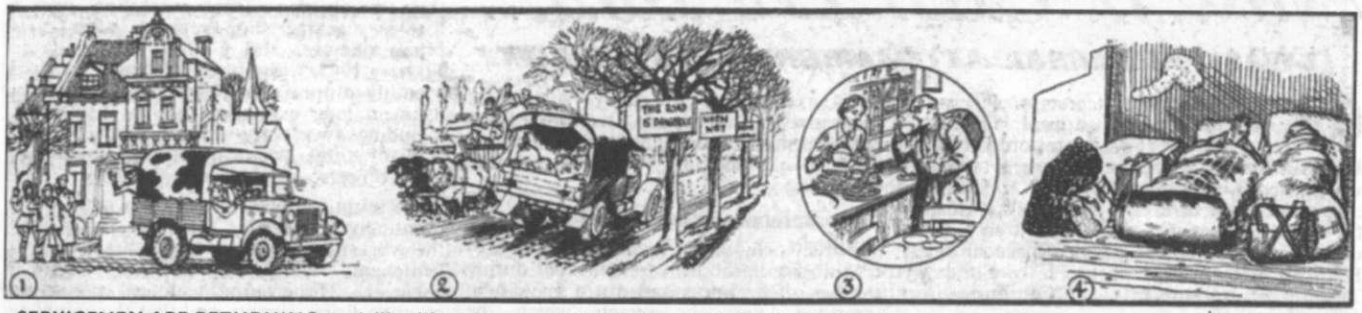




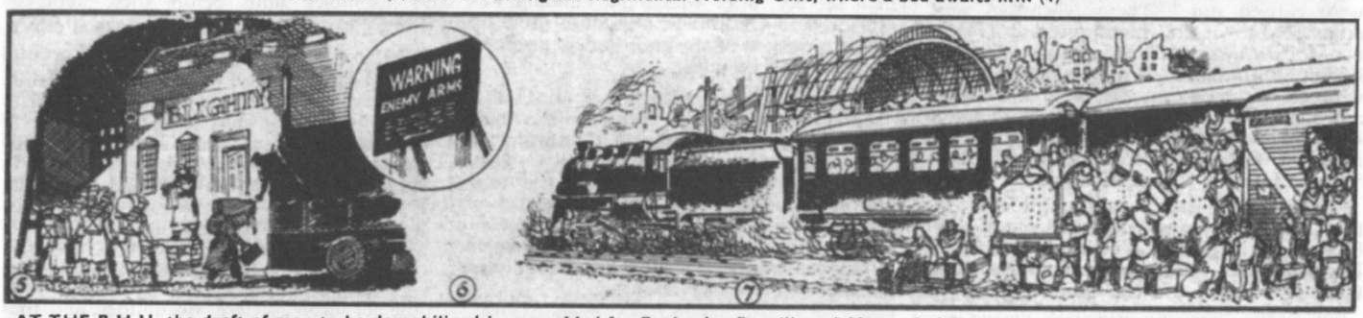
**VICTORY HOUSE**, in the Place Eugene Flagey, is the latest of twenty hostels for British troops on leave in Brussels, run by the Princesse de Ligne's Organization, founded in gratitude to the liberating forces. Accommodating over 900, it numbers among its amenities a spacious reading-room (1), a resident photographer (2), and Victory Inn (3), a fully-licensed modern bar. Soldiers just arrived from Germany (4) check in; others enjoy the quiet of the writing-room (5).

*Exclusive to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

# From B.A.O.R. to Civvy Street in Five Days

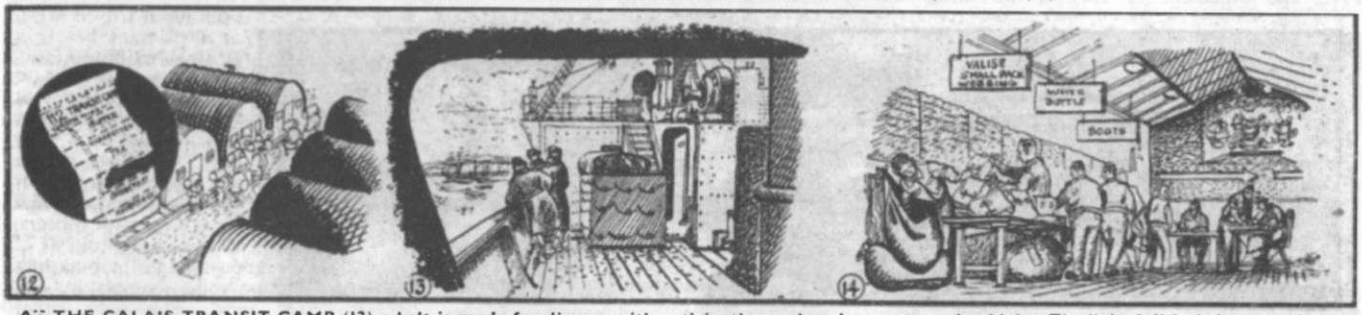


SERVICEMEN ARE RETURNING to civilian life at the rate of 12,000 a day. This first-hand pictorial record by WAR ILLUSTRATED artist Haworth shows the various stages of a soldier's five-day journey home from his unit with the British Army of the Rhine. He waves farewell to his comrades as the lorry moves off (1). Along the highway he passes familiar signs and traffic for the last time (2), and draws up for a welcome cup of tea at the local Naafi (3) before reaching the Regimental Holding Unit, where a bed awaits him (4)




AT THE R.H.U. the draft of men to be demobilized is assembled for England. Reveille at 5.30 a.m. is followed by roll-call outside the building which bears the familiar word Blighty (5)—reminiscent of the First Great War. Our soldier observes a notice-board displaying a warning of heavy penalties for attempting to smuggle enemy arms into England (6). Eventually the "Blighty Special" pulls out of bomb-blasted Hanover station (7), leaving behind a typical group of woebegone D.Ps. (Displaced Persons).

MANY HISTORIC LANDMARKS of the war are noted during the train journey through Germany; one of the most significant moments is the crossing of the Rhine (8), stormed by Allied troops in March 1945. Germany fades from view, and at Tournai German marks are changed for Belgian francs (9), which are subsequently exchanged for sterling. The number of the actual release centre in England for which each man is bound is entered in his pay-book (10). A Mickey Mouse film offers relaxation at the camp canteen (11).




AT THE CALAIS TRANSIT CAMP (12) a halt is made for dinner, with anticipation and excitement running high. The "draft" feel they are almost civilians again. It is the fourth day of the journey. "Tomorrow," they tell one another, "we shall be there." Impatiently they peer from the deck of the cross-Channel steamer (13) for first glimpse of the white cliffs of old England. Landed safely, our soldier goes cheerfully through the bustle of handing in equipment (14) before proceeding on the journey.

AT THE RELEASE CENTRE in London (15) "paper work" is completed and demobilization books (16) handed over. Then the short journey to Olympia, for the free issue of civilian clothing—suit, shirt, underclothes, shoes, socks, tie, hat; no rushing things here (17), for every man must be satisfied with fit and cut before he departs on this momentous day which once seemed almost incredibly remote. Comes the last stage of all: departure with kitbag and clothing-parcel and (18) up the garden path for the great welcome Home.

# Now It Can Be Told!

## D-DAY REHEARSAL AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

ONE of the best-kept secrets of the war was revealed by an appeal launched for help in the restoration of the Union Society's premises, damage to which was caused by bombs in July 1942. Here, in this academic centre, the Debating Hall of the Society was, for a week, in March 1944, one of the most closely guarded places in the British Isles, it was reported by a Sunday Times correspondent at Cambridge, in December 1945.

It was here during that week that rehearsals for the D-Day assault in the following June were carried out. These rehearsals were attended by Gen. Eisenhower and Gen.—now Field-Marshal—Montgomery and their high Staff officers. To maintain secrecy, the whole of the civilian staff were sent away on a week's leave. The proposal to use the Union Society for the rehearsals emanated from the Regional Commissioner, Sir Will Spens, Master of Corpus Christi.

During the Easter vacation, Mr. Curzon, the Chief Clerk, was astonished one day to be visited by high Staff officers of the Security Department. They instructed him to send the staff away, and the Union building was entirely taken over by the Army. A squad of soldiers arrived on the scene, all doors leading to the basement were securely fastened, and sentries with Bren guns were posted round the building.

### Conferences in the Model Room

Models, including, it is believed, some of the Mulberry harbour, were delivered during the hours of darkness and not a civilian in Cambridge knew the secrets which the building held. At the conclusion of the rehearsals the models were removed with equal secrecy, after which the building was restored to its normal condition, so that no trace remained of the unorthodox purpose to which it had been put.

Though Gen. Eisenhower and Field-Marshal Montgomery visited the model room, they did not stay in Cambridge, but Staff officers were lodged in Trinity College, and they held conferences in the model room each day. A military guard was placed round the college, and a couple of A.A. guns were installed at Midsummer Common, a large space within a short distance of the Union Society building.

## SECRET MINE 'BRAIN' MADE BY A WREN TEAM

MANY of them schoolgirls at the outbreak of the War, a secret team of 50 Wrens assembled the "brains" of the Navy's top-secret mines which harassed the enemy for more than three war years. They have recently been disbanded from the assembly staff of MX, highly specialized branch of H.M.S. Vernon, Naval Torpedo and Mining Establishment. Strict security guarded their vital secrets—questioners were casually told that they were "messing around with electrical circuits."

Constant changing of these circuits in British magnetic and acoustic ground mines kept the enemy guessing. The ground mine, with a normal firing mechanism, had been in use for some time when, toward the end of 1942, the expedient of varying the firing method was evolved as a special measure against enemy submarines using French coastal ports, and to counter enemy mine-sweeping operations.

THE mines were mostly dropped from aircraft; some were laid by Coastal Forces. As soon as reconnaissance showed the enemy were dealing successfully with one circuit, a new circuit, varying detonation methods, was designed by the Superintendent of Mine Designs Department and assembled and tested by MX. Results proved the perplexity this game of "how, when and where?" caused the Germans.

A special organization of naval officers, ratings and Wrens under the captain H.M.S. Vernon (Mining) maintained necessary production changes to keep pace with design variations. Wrens were selected from qualified torpedo ratings. Once in MX, they remained. Their workshop was a former machine shop repaired after early bomb damage, and a start was made in January 1943, with only 13 Wrens. Original monthly output was 200 units. The establishment later expanded to total 63 Wrens, including two petty officers, with a male staff of three electrical officers, three chief petty officers and one petty officer.

An output of 500 firing units a month was eventually achieved. Technical control of the workshop was by a temporary electrical lieutenant R.N.V.R., former electrical engineer. He ensured technical perfection of mine firing circuits and that the complete mine dispatched by the Mine Depot was safe to handle. Wrens tested components and assembled units before these went to Mine Depots to be fitted to charged mines.

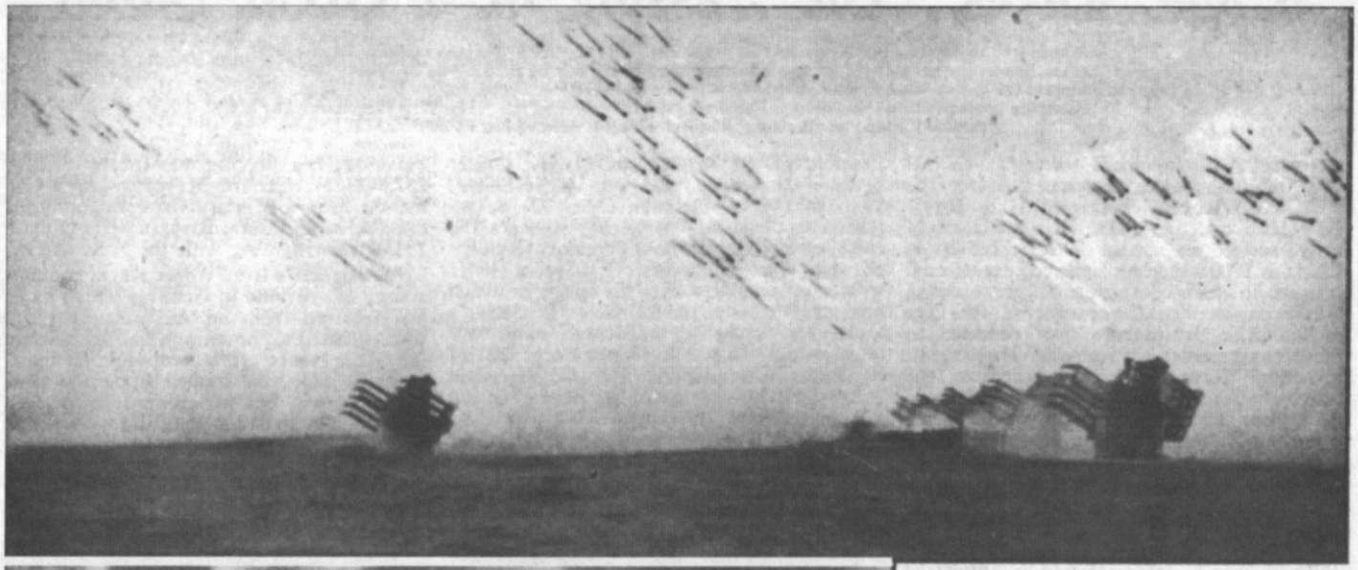
MX Wrens prepared 7,658 firing units during the War, and more than 50 variations of circuit were designed and assembled, as well as special assemblies intended for operations against the German battleship Tirpitz. MX Branch also prepared the successful blocking of the Kiel Canal just before D-Day. There was no time for full trials of the assembled mine before and after dropping, and a small party, consisting of one officer, a torpedo gunner's mate and six Wrens, accompanied assembled units to the aerodrome where Mosquitoes, and the mines they were to carry, were waiting.

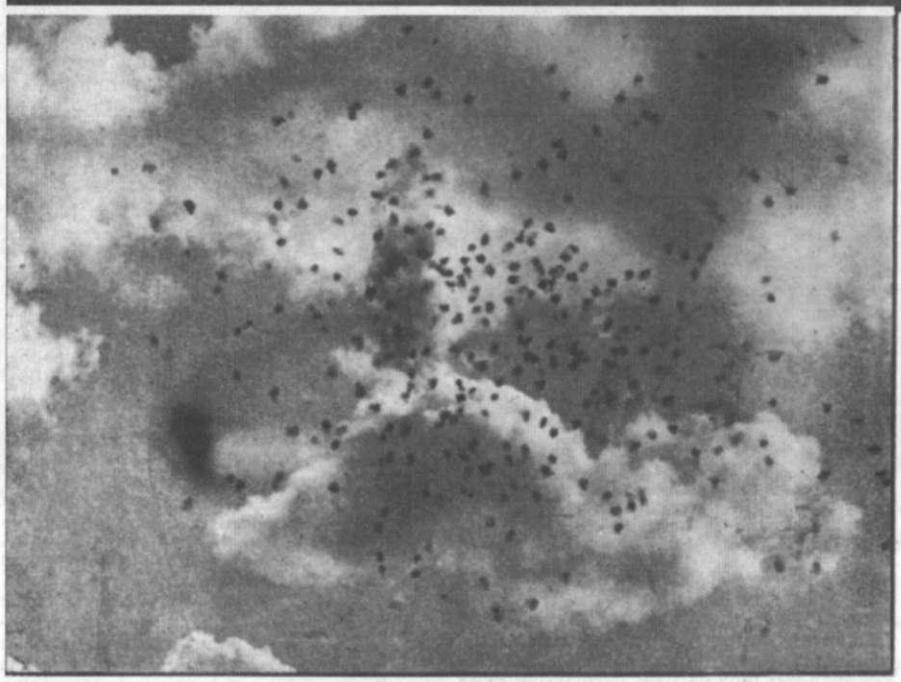
### Firing Units Swiftly Assembled

Another trial of the department's speed and flexibility was the assembly of firing units for a mixed assortment of 50 time mines, designed to obstruct salvage work on a vessel sunk across the entrance of an enemy harbour in Western France. The order was received on a Saturday morning; by Tuesday completed units were leaving the workshops. Trials of new firing assemblies in charged mines took place usually at the main depot at Frater, near Fareham, west of Portsmouth. Drop trials from aircraft were afterwards held at Weston-super-Mare.

Two MX Branch Wrens still working in H.M.S. Vernon, Petty Officer Wren Betty Forbes, of Edinburgh, and Leading Wren Doreen Jones, of Rhyl, described the occasional trip to Weston as a pleasant break in a hard and monotonous job. "There we were able to see something of what happened to the units we had to build up," they said. "Otherwise all we knew of the results of our work was from occasional talks from senior officers, who frequently told us of the sinking of submarines or minesweepers by our units. The only other variation was the periodical changing of the circuits, and we were usually very glad indeed when this came along."

**SECRET TEAM of W.R.N.S. at work in one of the laboratories at H.M.S. Vernon, Royal Naval Torpedo and Mining Establishment, where (as disclosed here) they were employed in connexion with our magnetic and acoustic ground mines. It was a highly delicate task, requiring the nimbleness and sensitiveness of a woman's touch. The W.R.N.S. are seen here assembling secret firing-units which were used in special operations.**
*Photo, British Official*





"TONSIL," ROCKET-BATTERY AGAINST V1s, consisting of units of ten projectors, was assembled on lorries between Hythe and Dymchurch, on the Kent coast, within four days of the order being given on July 15, 1944. By the end of the month the battery had scored 8½ "kills." When units were later enlarged to 20 projectors, it could fire 400 rockets at once. The battery in action (top), and the "pattern" made by the exploding rockets (bottom).

## HOW H.M.S. EXETER FOUGHT HER LAST BATTLE

THE full story of H.M.S. Exeter's gallant end (see illus. page 626), fighting against impossible odds off the coast of Java, reached the Admiralty in December 1945. The cruiser, famous for her part in the glorious battle against the Admiral Graf Spee off the River Plate (see page 505, Vol. 1), was sunk on March 1, 1942.

She had already been damaged in the Battle of the Java Seas two days previously; but, with her escorting destroyers H.M.S. Encounter and U.S.S. Pope, she went down fighting four Japanese heavy cruisers and five destroyers. Her commanding officer, Captain O. L. Gordon, M.V.O., R.N., brought the official story of this action back with him from a prisoner of war camp; he made complete records while a prisoner and kept them from the Japs by hiding them in a tube of shaving cream.

On February 27, 1942, she was at sea as part of an Allied force of five cruisers and nine destroyers. In the afternoon, an enemy force of four cruisers and twelve destroyers was encountered and engaged. Later the enemy was reinforced by several more cruisers. A series of actions developed in which the Exeter was damaged and two Allied destroyers and two cruisers sunk. An enemy cruiser was sunk, one probably sunk and one damaged and three enemy destroyers were seriously damaged.

H.M.S. EXETER returned to Surabaya. There was no time for proper repairs to her damaged boiler-room, and on February 28 she sailed at dark with six of her eight boilers out of action. She was accompanied by H.M.S. Encounter and U.S.S. Pope. At the time it was known that very powerful Japanese naval forces were in or near the Java Sea, but it was hoped to avoid them.

At first H.M.S. Exeter could only limp along at 15 knots, but superb work by the engineering staff got two more boilers going and speed was increased at midnight to 23 knots. During the night the Exeter and her little company met an enemy force but managed to elude it. In the morning another enemy force was seen, and the Exeter doubled in her tracks, hoping she had not been seen. But two enemy cruisers began to bear down on the already crippled cruiser and her two destroyers. A little later a large enemy destroyer appeared ahead and almost immediately afterwards two other cruisers and more destroyers came into view.

### All Power on the Ship Failed

The engineering staff at the last minute managed to repair one more boiler, and at 26 knots Exeter, with the two destroyers in station either side of her, steamed into action. She had only 20 per cent of her main armament ammunition remaining after the previous battle. The fight began at 09.35. The destroyers tried to ward the enemy off by firing torpedoes and to screen the Exeter by making smoke. One enemy cruiser was hit by torpedoes from the U.S.S. Pope. Several other ships were hit by gunfire from all three Allied vessels. But the end was not far off. As Captain Gordon reported, "A review of the situation at about 11.00 was not encouraging."

At 11.20 the Exeter received a vital hit in "A" boiler room. Main engines stopped and all power on the ship failed. She was being straddled and hit by the enemy cruisers now, and orders were given to sink her and abandon ship. She sank at about 11.50. Shortly afterwards H.M.S. Encounter was also sunk. U.S.S. Pope remained at hand to the end, and then managed to escape in a rain squall, only to be sunk an hour later following an attack by Japanese bombers.

### RADAR REPORTED 'INVADERS' NEAR—THEY WERE GEESE!

ON a dark November night in 1941, invasion alarms and sirens sounded along the Norfolk coast between Yarmouth and Sheringham as radar sets reported approaching enemy ships and planes. But the crews of our patrol vessels and defence guns heard only the honk of flocks of geese on their way to the feeding grounds in the Humber Estuary. It was a false alarm. As told in The Daily Express in November 1945, the geese had reflected the radar beams, and to operators watching the tell-tale screens they seemed like ships and planes.

Later, flocks of gannets and starlings caused several E-boat scares. By 1943, with the introduction of higher-powered transmitters, bird echoes became a menace to our radar operations. At long range the echo from a bird flying full in the radar beam can be as strong as a ship's echo. So Major J. A. Ramsay, of the Coast and A.A. Experimental Establishment, began experiments. He suspended dead gulls from captive balloons. Radar operators soon learned to distinguish birds from aircraft or ships.

Now, in America, scientists are planning to use radar for the study of bird migration. A special set is being built on a mountain in West Virginia. It was on an R.A.F. radar set that the longest timed track of a bird so far was made. A pink-footed goose was plotted for 57 miles flying at 35 miles an hour.

# Roger Keyes: The Passing of a Great Sailor

Admiral of the Fleet Lord Keyes, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., a great fighting leader, died peacefully in his sleep at his home in Buckingham, at the age of 73, on Dec. 26, 1945. After the funeral service at Westminster Abbey he was buried at Dover Cemetery, on Jan. 4, 1946. The following appreciation of this national hero was specially written for "The War Illustrated" by a personal friend of the late Admiral—Major KENNETH HARE-SCOTT.

SON of a distinguished soldier (a general who was twice recommended for the V.C.) Roger Keyes joined the Royal Navy as a cadet in 1885. His first taste of active service was in the Boxer rebellion in China in 1900, when he displayed exceptional courage in defiance of great danger, winning him promotion to Commander at the age of 28. The fighting was not confined to naval engagements, but included shore raids, providing Keyes with experience in the conception and execution of amphibious operations which, with Combined Operations of later years, were to characterize so many of his greater actions.

To Roger Keyes life was full of adventure—rattling through the midst of a hostile Chinese army, on a solitary railway engine and with the driver at the point of his revolver, to bear a vital message to his admiral; diving into a fast-flowing river in China to rescue a brother-officer; seeing for himself the performance of Naval aircraft in the Mediterranean when he was C.-in-C., not from the bridge of his ship but from a plane—which, incidentally, crashed into the sea and nearly cost him his life.

His name will for ever be associated with one of the most spirited actions of the First Great War—the storming of the mole at Zeebrugge in 1918. Early in that war he had actively directed at sea Britain's submarine warfare, with conspicuous success.

### Only One Parallel in History

In 1915, as Chief of Staff in the Dardanelles, he was principal author of a plan for the naval penetration of the Straits. This was rejected by the Admiralty, greatly to Keyes' disappointment, although it won the support of Winston Churchill and strengthened the lifelong friendship of these two great fighters. After a period as Director of Plans at the Admiralty, Keyes (now Rear-Admiral) was appointed to the Dover Command, a vital responsibility in our Naval strategy.

His active patrolling of the Straits culminated in his glorious leadership of the St. George's Day (April 23) attack on Zeebrugge. His signal "St. George for England!" (to which Capt. A. F. B. Carpenter, V.C., of H.M.S. Vindictive, replied, "May we give the dragon's tail a damned good twist!") has only one parallel in history—Nelson's Trafalgar signal; and the result of the action, the temporary blocking of one of the principal enemy submarine bases, had a heartening effect upon the Allied land forces who were then so sorely pressed.

KEYES commanded the Battle Cruiser Squadron from 1919 to 1921, when he became Vice-Admiral. Then followed periods as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean (1925) and at Portsmouth, where he was promoted Admiral of the Fleet in 1930. In the early thirties Keyes shared the anxiety of many in the Services and throughout the country at the crippling effects of the London Naval Treaty upon Britain's security. As an active sailor he could not criticize, and so, in 1934, he chose another course and entered Parliament as Member for North Portsmouth. Although no great orator, he strengthened the small band of M.P.s (one of them being Winston Churchill) who at every opportunity voiced their condemnation of disarmament and appeasement in the face of growing peril.

On the outbreak of the Second Great War he strained at the leash for some form of active employment—which came to him in May 1940, when he was attached to King Leopold of the Belgians as Liaison Officer between the King and our Government. With the fall of Belgium (May 27) he returned to England, contesting strongly the criticism of King Leopold's conduct throughout our national press. I have a letter written immediately after his return in which he states that when the full facts of the King's loyalty are revealed, the King's name will stand as high in public estimation as that of his father King Albert. He also described the remarkable courage of the Belgian Queen Mother, Queen Elizabeth. When I saw Keyes recently—just before his death—he was still hopeful of vindicating the name of King Leopold.

**Admiral of the Fleet BARON KEYES of Zeebrugge and of Dover, G.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O.** *Photo, Karsh, Ottawa*

A month before going to Belgium, Keyes had vigorously backed a plan for the combined Naval and Military occupation of Trondheim, a possible base for sustaining an Allied Expeditionary Force in Norway. The plan was only partially carried out, in an attempt by ground forces to capture Trondheim, for German Naval craft in the fjord, which could so easily have been eliminated by Naval bombardment, dislocated the attack and finally German superiority in the air terminated the fruitless effort (see pages 526-527, Vol. 2).

Keyes, who had volunteered himself to lead—in any old battleship that could be spared—a Naval attack in support of the land operations, was furious that what he regarded as timidity on the part of the powers-that-be should have reduced a potentially successful plan to create a serious distraction for Hitler in Norway to another withdrawal.

CHAMBERLAIN went, and Churchill assumed direction of our besieged island (May 10). Keyes was appointed, in July, first Director of Combined Operations, and although in the fifteen months of his holding the office only one major raid, that on the Lofoten Islands (March 4, 1941), was permitted in home waters, he laid the foundations upon which our Airborne Army and Commandos were built to a degree of perfection unequalled in the world. One of his proudest memories of his days in creating the striking force which was to deal a mortal blow to Hitler's defences was the association of his son, Geoffrey, with the best and bravest of our fighting men (portrait in page 257, Vol. 5). Geoffrey Keyes had, as a Commando, won a Military Cross in forcing the crossing of the Litani River in Syria (June 11, 1941) when fighting with the Australians.

My last letter from Roger Keyes contained a copy of a tribute to Geoffrey which he had just received from an Australian corporal, who enclosed a photograph he had treasured for some years. The corporal wrote, "I never at any time looked upon the photo as a souvenir, but with a sense of awe and thankfulness that I belonged to an Empire which breeds such men as he and those he commanded." The story of Geoffrey Keyes' raid on Rommel's Headquarters in North Africa in November 1941 is well known. His courage, not only in leading personally a mission with the most slender hopes of survival, but in calmly planning the attack in such a way as to ensure success regardless of fatal consequences, won him a posthumous V.C. and a remarkable tribute from the man against whose life he had plotted.

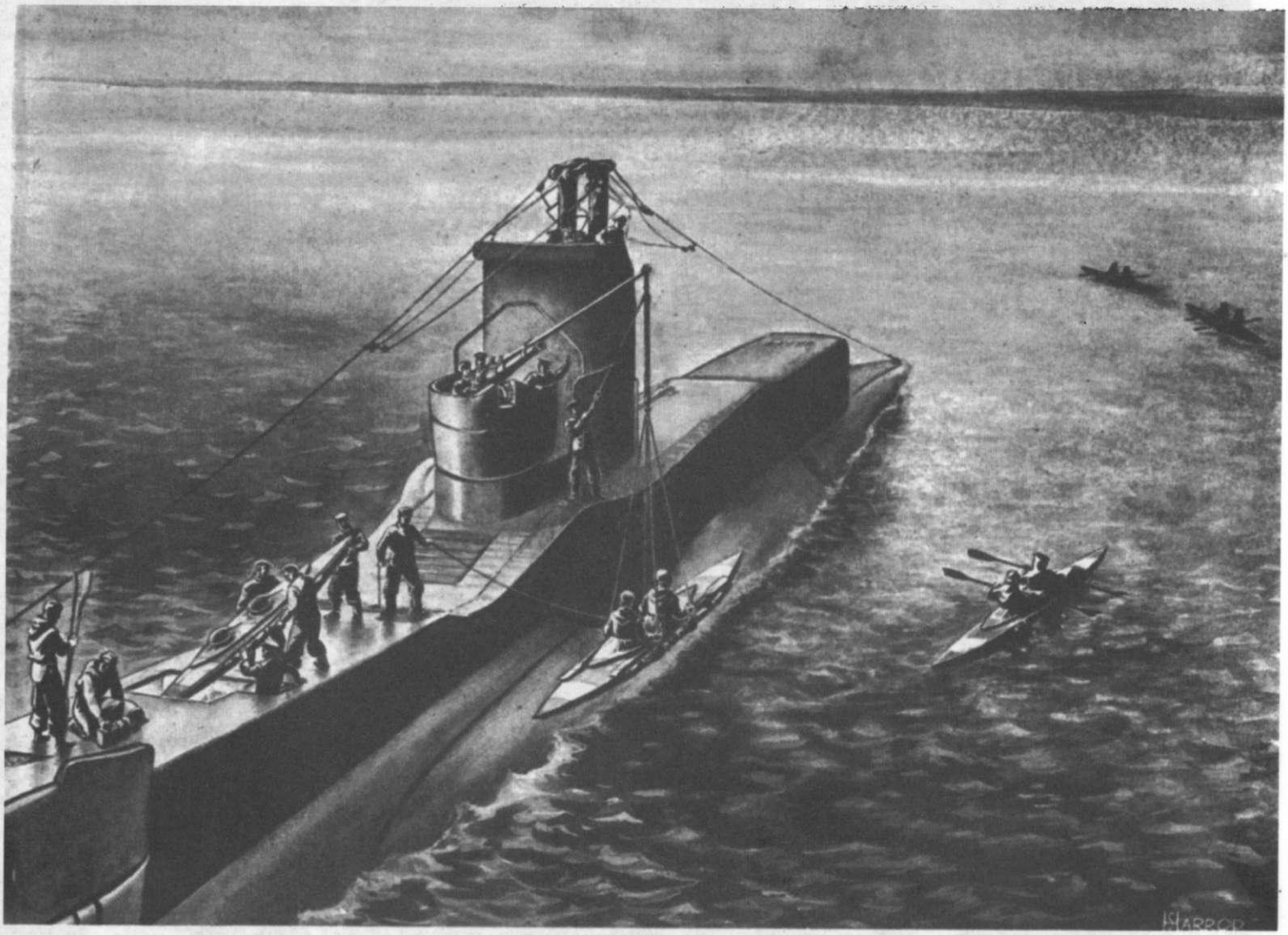
### His Last Naval Battle off Leyte

At Geoffrey's funeral, Rommel is reported to have laid his own Iron Cross on the body of the hero. Roger Keyes valued his son's Victoria Cross more than all the treasured possessions gathered in his own lifetime, and when I last visited him the decoration lay in a case beside Geoffrey's M.C., with the Admiral's own many decorations swept to one side. Hanging on the wall was a full-length oil painting of his son, which his brother officers in the Commandos had presented to a proud father and mother.

RAISED to the peerage in 1943 as first Baron Keyes of Zeebrugge and of Dover, Keyes, who had handed over the post of Chief of Combined Operations (as it was now designated) to Lord Louis Mountbatten, devoted himself to a series of fighting speeches, until the summer of 1944, when he flew with Lady Keyes to Australia and New Zealand, and in October witnessed his last Naval battle—off Leyte, in the Pacific. Here he accompanied one of the ships of the American amphibious command in an action which he described as "a most daring and enterprising effort 1,500 miles beyond any shore-based air cover—about 1,000 vessels landing a large force well within reach of powerful enemy air forces and Naval squadrons, but having cover of between 2,000 and 3,000 *seaborne* Naval aircraft."

He went on to say, "I was very unlucky. During a heavy Jap air attack a cruiser was torpedoed close to us, and my Admiral threw up a terrific smoke-screen, some of which was toxic. It knocked me out, and nearly everyone on the upper deck. We were badly gassed, and I was very sick for three or four days. I was warned not to fly high without oxygen, as it strained my heart a bit. I flew back over New Guinea, 15,000 feet, with oxygen, with no ill-effects. But while flying in an old boat across the Tasman Sea, with no oxygen on board, the pilot went up to 13,000 feet, with the result that I had to lay up in Australia. They told me that I would have to come back in a hospital ship, but I got well so quickly we flew home in five flying days."

It is sad indeed that one with so much energy and zest for life should so suddenly become broken in health by these experiences. But I do not think that for any consideration would Roger Keyes have missed being in that last great naval engagement of the Second Great War.




# Cockle Commandos of the Royal Marines

SPECIALLY trained Royal Marine volunteers who paddled in two-man canoes—code name "cockle"—fifty miles up the Gironde River to sink enemy shipping at Bordeaux, accomplished what is officially described as one of the most daring "individual" attacks of the War. Using limpet mines, they attacked six ships suspected of being blockade runners. At least three, probably five, of the ships were holed. Ten Marines, in five cockles, were launched at night from H.M. Submarine Tuna at the entrance to the Gironde, on December 7, 1942, when Germany held the whole of the French coastline.

The crew of one cockle only—Maj. H. G. Haslar, O.B.E. (Force Commander) and Mne. W. E. Sparks—came back; of the rest of the party Mne. Moffat was drowned and Lt. Mackinnon, Sgt. Wallace, Cpl. Laver, and Mnes. Mills, Conway and Ewart—who attempted to escape into Spain—were arrested and shot on March 23, 1943, by decree of Hitler. The two cockles that reached their objective covered 91 miles in five nights, their crews hiding on land by day. On the first night of this heroic exploit, the cockles Catfish, Coalfish, Conger, Cuttlefish and Crayfish were launched in calm weather from the Tuna in the manner shown above. For 1½ hours they paddled, then ran into a tide-race. Coalfish was lost, leaving no trace. Shortly afterwards, in another tide-race, Conger capsized; the crew were towed in life-jackets inshore and left to land.

IN negotiating a narrow passage between anchored vessels and the mole at Le Verdon, Cuttlefish lost formation and was not seen again. The remaining two cockles beached at daylight on a small sandy promontory, and the crews concealed them. Shortly afterwards, a number of French fishermen landed from small boats and, joined by women from the shore, made breakfast on the beach. Further concealment being impossible, Major Haslar spoke to them and, fortunately, found them friendly.

On the second night, the cockles were manhandled across three-quarters of a mile of sand and mud for launching, impeded by outlying sandbanks, and water freezing on the cockpit covers. They hid-up in a field during the day, and early on the third night a start was made to catch the flood tide. Under way again, they took cover among thick reeds inshore as the channel narrowed. When they landed they found an A.A. battery only fifty yards away and were not able to discover another suitable spot until 7.30 a.m. Again they were compelled to lie up, in a field of long grass, all day, unnoticed by a man and a dog who passed within 100 yards.

On the fourth night, the craft reached a pontoon pier opposite the South Basin at Bordeaux and, passing it safely, found a gap in some reeds through which they could force their way. Daylight revealed two good-sized cargo ships lying alongside, immediately opposite, about 800 yards away. The crews spent the evening in setting fuses to their limpet mines. In the darkness of the fifth night, Catfish safely passed the entrance to the basins on the west bank of the river, in spite of lights on the lock gates. Eight mines were planted by her crew—three on a cargo ship of 7,000 tons, two on the engine room of a small transport, one on the stern of a tanker.

WHILE turning near the transport to go downstream, Catfish was seen by the sentry on deck, who shone his torch on her. Major Haslar succeeded in pulling the cockle into the shelter of the ship and let her drift silently with the tide. The sentry, puzzled, followed the Catfish with his torch until it passed from his sight. Meanwhile, Crayfish had reached the east bank at Bordeaux without finding any targets, so returned to deal with the two cargo ships lying near the South Basin. Five mines were placed on the larger ship, three on the smaller. The mission accomplished, both cockles sped away downstream. At 6.0 a.m. they separated, and ran ashore about a quarter-mile apart. Crayfish vanished; nothing more was heard of her or her crew. Major Haslar and Marine Sparks, of Catfish, returned safely to England, and Major Haslar was awarded the D.S.O. and Marine Sparks the D.S.M., on Sept. 28, 1943.

*Specially drawn for* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by S. Harrop*

## *In the Salle d'Entrée at St. James's Palace—*

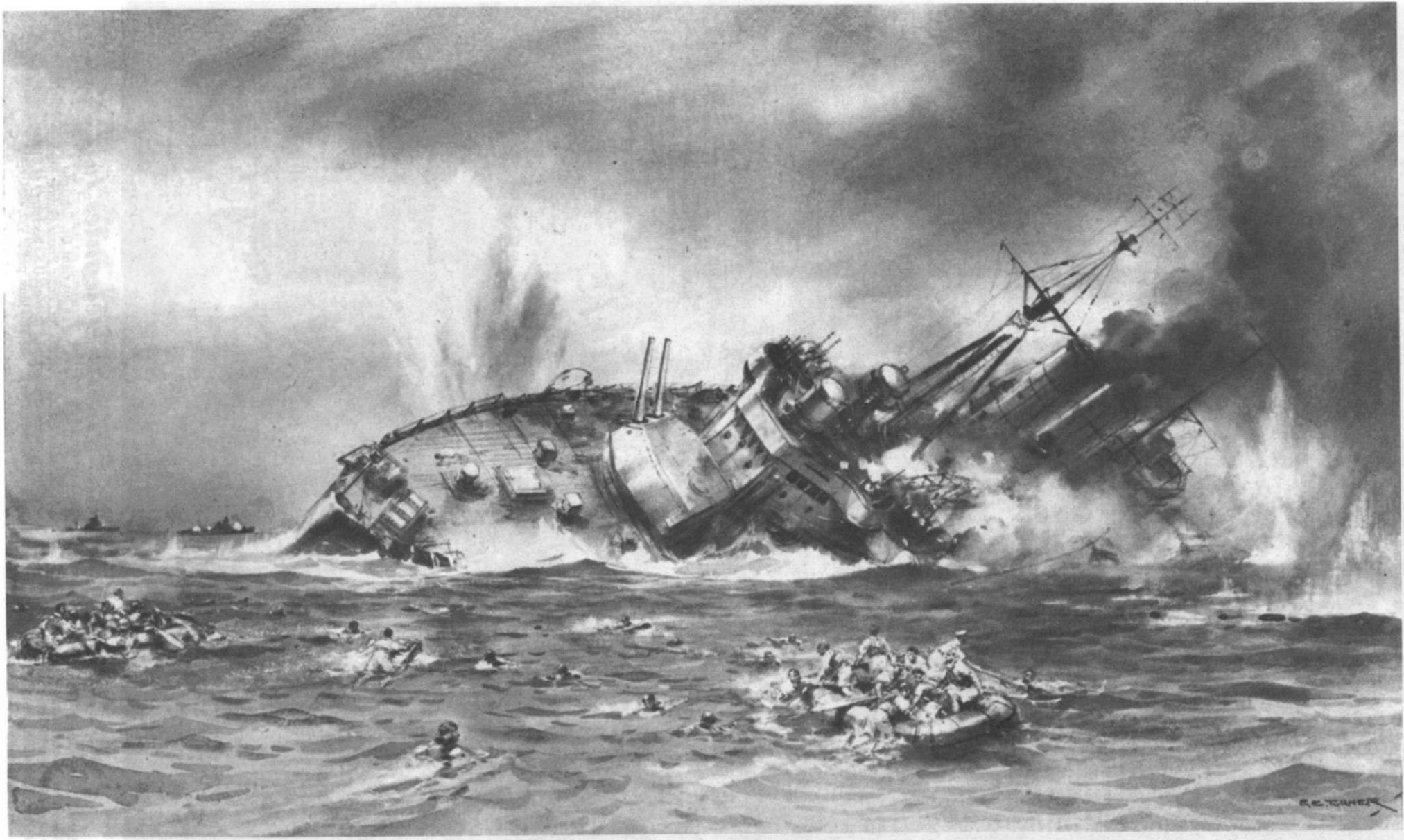
At a State banquet on January 9, 1946, His Majesty welcomed guests from 51 nations—delegates to the General Assembly of the United Nations Organization. The King said, "It gives me particular pleasure that the first meeting of this great Assembly should be held in London . . . You will carry on your deliberations within sight of our Parliament of Westminster . . . . It is in your hands to make or mar the happiness of millions of your fellowmen, and of millions yet unborn."

*Photo, The Times*



## *—H.M. The King Entertains Delegates to U.N.O.*

In the Service uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, His Majesty (on right of fireplace) has on his right Dr. Eduardo Zuleta Angel (Colombia), Lord Jowitt (the Lord Chancellor), Senhor de Souza-Dantas (Brazil), Mr. Peter Fraser (Prime Minister of New Zealand). On his left, M. Spaak (Belgium), Mr. Attlee (the Prime Minister), Mr. Byrnes (U.S. Secretary of State), Mr. Greenwood (Lord Privy Seal), Dr. Wellington Koo (Chinese Ambassador). See also illus. pages 532, 629, 639.



## With White Ensign Still Flying H.M.S. Exeter Goes Down

*Drawn by C. E. Turner. By courtesy of The Illustrated London News*

Already battle-damaged and with only a fifth of her main armament ammunition left, the cruiser Exeter, of Battle of the Plate fame, engaged in her last fight most sorely handicapped (see page 621). On March 1, 1942, off the coast of Java, the end came. Her main engines stopped by a hit, there was danger of her being captured, and as salvos from the Japanese ships poured into her the order was given to sink and abandon ship. This impression of the cruiser's last moments is based on a sketch and account by Commander Drake, who had served in the Exeter for three years previously. "To sink her," he has written, "after all those years endeavouring to keep the seawater out of her went very much against the grain . . . She was certainly lucky to have come through so much previous bombing without a hit." In the last moments Exeter rolled over amidst bursting shells from 8-in. guns of Japanese cruisers (two of which are seen astern) and from 5-in. guns of destroyers, while survivors watched from Carley floats and rafts.

# The Best of "Yank"

## A Review by HAMILTON FYFE

NEVER before has there been such an output of soldier and sailor journalism as there was during the latter years of the Second Great War. I don't mean journalism *for* soldiers and sailors but papers and magazines produced *by* them for the amusement of each other. These have contained a vast amount of good writing, humorous writing, savagely satirical writing, verse of varied quality and illustrations that reveal an immense store of talent with pen and pencil. While the War did not stimulate professional authors to any efforts much beyond the ordinary (although many war reporters gave us books of rare merit), it released in large numbers of fighting men some gift of expression that had not been brought to the surface before.

This is exemplified in a recently-published American anthology, The Best from Yank (World Publishing Co., Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., $3.50). The American army life described in these stories, photographs and drawings, covers the period of the War between the summer of 1942 (when Yank, the Army Weekly, began publication) and the autumn of 1944; geographically it covers almost every part of the world where U.S. soldiers were stationed, both combat and non-combat areas.

### How National 'Fancies' Differ

The material in the book comes from two sources: from Yank's own soldier staff correspondents (many of them experienced writers and artists in peacetime) and from enlisted men all over the world. As the editors say in their introduction to the volume: "Yank depends heavily on the unsolicited contributions it receives from the riflemen, mechanics, truck-drivers, message centre clerks, radio operators, supply sergeants, military policemen . . who spent their valuable and limited free time writing or making sketches for their army weekly, and received no reward for their efforts except the dubious pleasure of seeing their stuff in print . . . Most of the cartoons and all the fiction and poetry in this book came from such contributors."

It has interested me to study the differences between the journals produced by men belonging to different branches of the English-speaking nations. The British (I mean those born in Britain) alternate between gravity and a brand of unsmiling humour which can almost be called "dour" or "pawky," to use words that are usually applied to Scots wit. The Canadians are mostly inclined to be serious, though they break out now and then into fun of the knockabout order. The Australians go to the other extreme and are wildly comic in mockery and exaggeration. The Americans (as shown in the Yank anthology) go in for a good deal of straight description mixed with cynical, slightly acid humour, such as the meditations of a private in a training camp on Christmas Day far from home.

HE recalls the late hour at which he used to finish his work in a grocery store on Christmas Eve; he is thankful not to be working there now. He wakes fresh and rested—instead of being still weary from a long, hard day, with a few drinks at the end of it, arguments with his father and mother as to where to put the Christmas tree, and hunting-out, in the attic, the bulbs and trimmings for the tree. He has a leisurely breakfast, frying his eggs and bacon and remembering how "his mother used to chase him out of the kitchen because he was in her way while she was fixing the turkey." He enjoys later on "a fine big turkey dinner with beer and cigars," and without being annoyed by badly-behaved children or by aunts who "put on crying acts" because Christmas reminds them of their poor dead relatives. It was, "all in all, the merriest Christmas he had ever experienced."

Another entertaining piece is a fashion article by Corporal Hyman Goldberg who investigated how the Fifth-avenue dress designers are "placing all the emphasis on sex," as a newspaper dress expert put it. He saw all sorts of fur coats, "made of high-class animals like mink (in the wild and bottle-fed state), leopards and Persian lambs. A little way off Fifth-avenue I am told it is possible to get less costly furs such as alley cat and Shetland ponies." But the Avenue prices run from £400 up.

MR. GOLDBERG also learned that Fifth-avenue regards it as essential that "women should wear one dress in the morning, another in the late afternoon, and still another dress for dinner. And any woman who doesn't, she's a dope." If that were to be called "revolutionary propaganda," the customers of those shops in New York would look genuinely astonished. But that is the sort of thing that prepared the way for the French Revolution 150 years ago, and it is one of the chief causes of the strikes for higher wages that now threaten to paralyse American industry.

With a more sentimental note in them, Pte. John Behm's verses "A Stranger and Alone" seem to me to touch the springs of sympathy. He pictures the arrival of American troops in Britain:

> The slim, coloured boys send our heavy trucks
> Screaming along your narrow roads.
> The big tanks rip up the pavings
> Of your ancient towns . . .
> The countryside rings
> With the blare and whirl of our machines.
>
> We are loud and fast and wild and lusty.
> We are drunken, proud, hard and potent.
> We could drink your island dry if you would let us.
> We are, I'm afraid,
> Just a trifle bestial
> For your highly tempered tastes.

But, he goes on, England must try to understand us.

> Though we sneer and boast in the pubs,
> Consuming your beer and belittling your glory,
> We tremble and are afraid in the streets
> Behind the blind audience of closed doors.
> We are young men whose roots
> Have been left far behind.
> We are bewildered and weary,
> Lonely to the point of madness . . .
> We are looking for a way to go home.

That, to my mind, is the real stuff of poetry—emotional and rhythmic. It rings tragically true. But tragically false seems to me the tale which won the Yank short story competition for Pte. Joseph Dever. A soldier returns to find that his girl has become a nun. He visits the convent where she is known, not any longer as Jane but as Sister Felicitas. She has asked him to go; she is glad to see him. She "squeezes both his hands until they sting." Her dress consists of "endless and oppressive reams of black cloth, with a tremendous white starched collar and a black veil over her head." They sit on "straight-backed wooden chairs, cold, unyielding symbols of poverty, chastity, obedience." Then they go into the chapel, they both kneel and pray; then he goes out, leaving her there. I call that a dreary little anecdote. I strongly suspect the author of being in holy orders. It is well written all the same, and it throws light on one aspect of American life.

Many other aspects are glanced at in the letters which serving men sent to their paper. "One most instructive correspondence raged over an objection raised by a member of a Women's Club Federation in Texas to inviting soldiers to homes where there were young girls. The writer protested against the appeal to the women of Texas "to place their daughters on the altar of sacrifice to the evil that will come." She asked mothers to consider that they would be responsible for the virtue of many girls who would lose their purity." And she went on:

> We just can't do this. Do not let us sell our daughters to such a racket. Maybe a few would meet life companions, but think of the misery and sorrow and sin we would be leading the numberless ones into.

A meeting had been held in the district where the writer lived, and "the decision almost wholly was that we fathers and mothers will not stand for this." It was felt that "the class of boys whom the girls would meet were the ones who deliberately wanted to meet strange girls, and they were not the best class. Many were filled with uncontrolled passion and lust, and many were married."

### A Black Corporal Wants to Know

This aroused fury. One reply stigmatized the letter as "the most disgusting piece of writing I ever had the misfortune to read." Another accused the writer of being undemocratic. A third blamed her "nasty inconsiderate attitude," and added: "Any girl that has to have a chaperon along on a date to remain pure and clean is not the type of girl that a soldier would like to be seen in public with." A sergeant, however, writing from Attu in the Aleutians, said, "we want our gals as we left them and we don't want them on the altar of sacrifice."

Another storm of correspondence was provoked by a letter from a black corporal who described an incident at a railway station in Louisiana. A number of coloured men in uniform had to change trains there and were not allowed into any of the lunch-rooms in the town. They went at last into the refreshment room at the station to buy cups of coffee, but even there were only permitted to sit in the kitchen. And that was not all.

> About two dozen German prisoners of war with two American guards came to the station. They entered the lunch-room, sat at the tables, had their meals served, talked, smoked, in fact had quite a swell time. I stood on the outside, looking in, and I could not help but ask myself—what is the Negro soldier fighting for?

WHY were Germans—enemies of the United States, taught to hate and destroy all democratic governments—treated better than American soldiers? Why did the Government allow such things to go on?

This time the comments were unanimous in condemning the raw deal of which the coloured soldiers complained. A Southerner called it "a disgrace to a democratic nation such as ours is supposed to be" and wondered "what the 'Aryan Supermen,' thought when they got this first-hand glance at our racial discrimination." A group of men wrote from Burma saying "the Negro outfits were doing more than their part to win the war in the jungles" and thought it a disgrace that "while we are away from home doing our part to help, some people back home are knocking down everything that we are fighting for." A staff-sergeant inquired, "Has it occurred to anyone that those Boche prisoners of war must be still laughing at us?"

In both these instances Yank showed commendable courage in printing letters of protest. Far better drag such topics out into the open instead of trying to hide them. Publication of the Negro corporal's letter in Yank led to its being widely quoted in the Press; the incident was also dramatized on the radio and made the basis of a short story.

# R.A.F. Returns her Aluminium to the Housewife

**FIVE YEARS AFTER BRITAIN'S APPEAL** to housewives to surrender their saucepans for conversion into aircraft parts (see page 384, Vol. 3), aircraft parts were being reconverted into saucepans. At a London factory in January 1946 a 30-cwt. tilting furnace (1) was being used for melting down R.A.F. airscrews. Ingots, remelted, are being poured into moulds (2) from which the finished lids (3) are removed. This polisher (4) wears a protective mask. Pans are carefully scrutinized (5) before being assembled (6).

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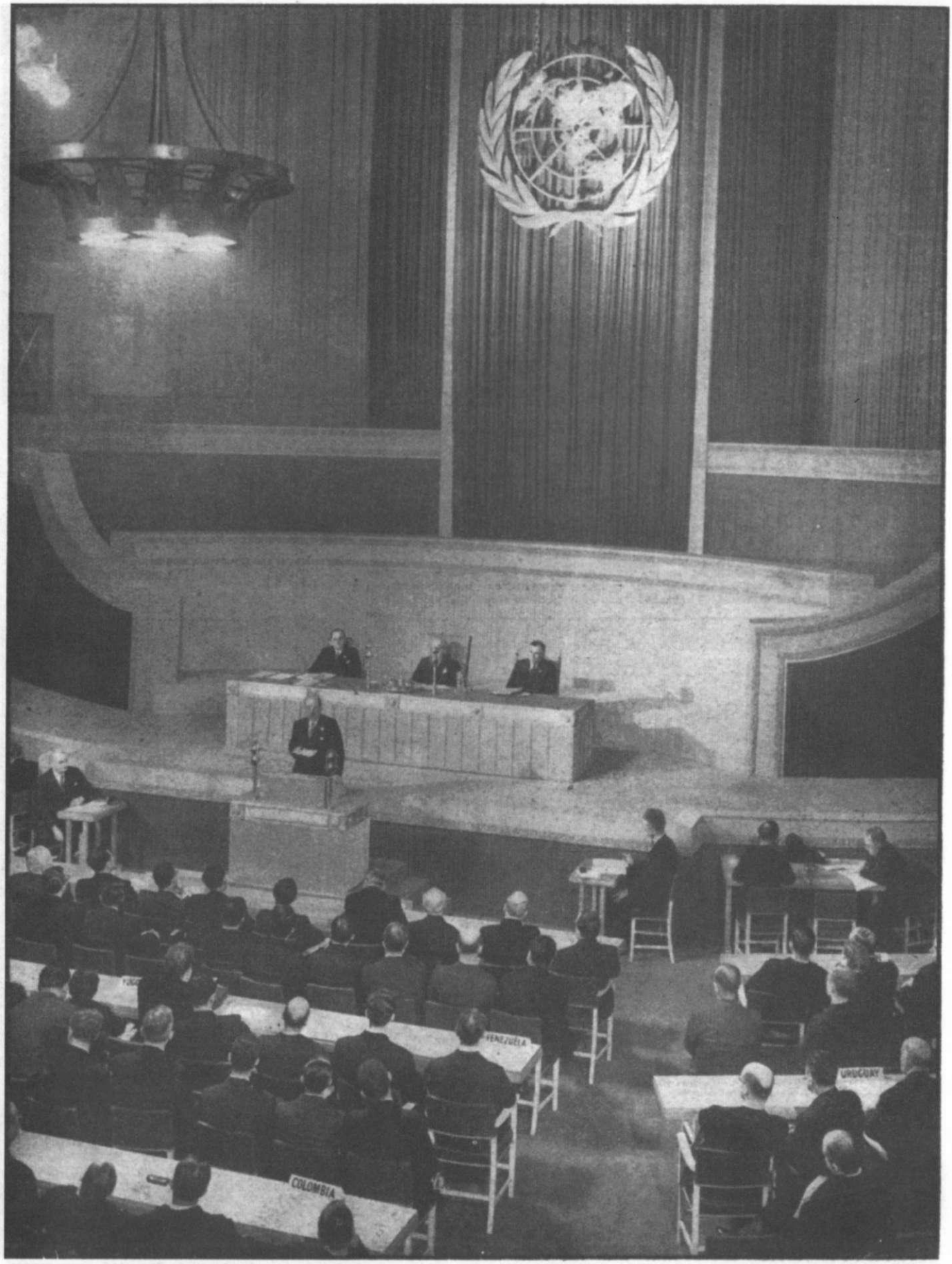
# Britain's Premier Welcomes the United Nations




**BENEATH THE GOLD INSIGNIA OF THE UNITED NATIONS,** Mr. Clement Attlee delivered the inaugural speech in Central Hall, Westminster, at the first plenary meeting on January 10, 1946, of the General Assembly of the United Nations Organization. Behind the Premier sat Dr. E. Zuleta Angel (Colombia), acting Chairman, with Mr. H. M. G. Jebb, Executive Secretary of the Preparatory Commission, on his right, and Mr. A. Cordier, Chief of the General Assembly section of the U.N. Secretariat, on his left. See also illus. pages 624-625, 639.  *Photo, Planet News*

# Allied Front-Line Planes That Flew Unarmed

AIR-SEA RESCUE services were busier during the Arnhem operation than on D-Day, and no fewer than 181 airborne troops were then rescued from wrecked Hamilcar and Horsa gliders. In the Mediterranean zone, A.S.R. rescued 1,114 American airmen. The highlight of this service was the tale of Sergeant Cohen, who landed his Fairey Swordfish on Lampedusa during a heavy Allied air bombardment, ordering the Italian garrison to refuel his tanks, and then taking off to report the island's surrender.

These and other stories of the Air-Sea Rescue service are told in Volume 6 of Aircraft of the Fighting Powers (Harborough Publishing Co., Ltd., 31s. 6d. net) which continues the description, with many photographs and scale drawings, of the aircraft used by all nations who fought in the Second Great War. The complexity of this task is indicated by the announcement that this valuable air-war reference book cannot be completed until December 1946, when Volume 7 will appear with details of hitherto secret aircraft.

THE current volume gives particulars of 26 British, 22 American, 15 Japanese, and nine German aircraft. Of special interest to the ordinary reader is the historical section accompanying the description of each aircraft.

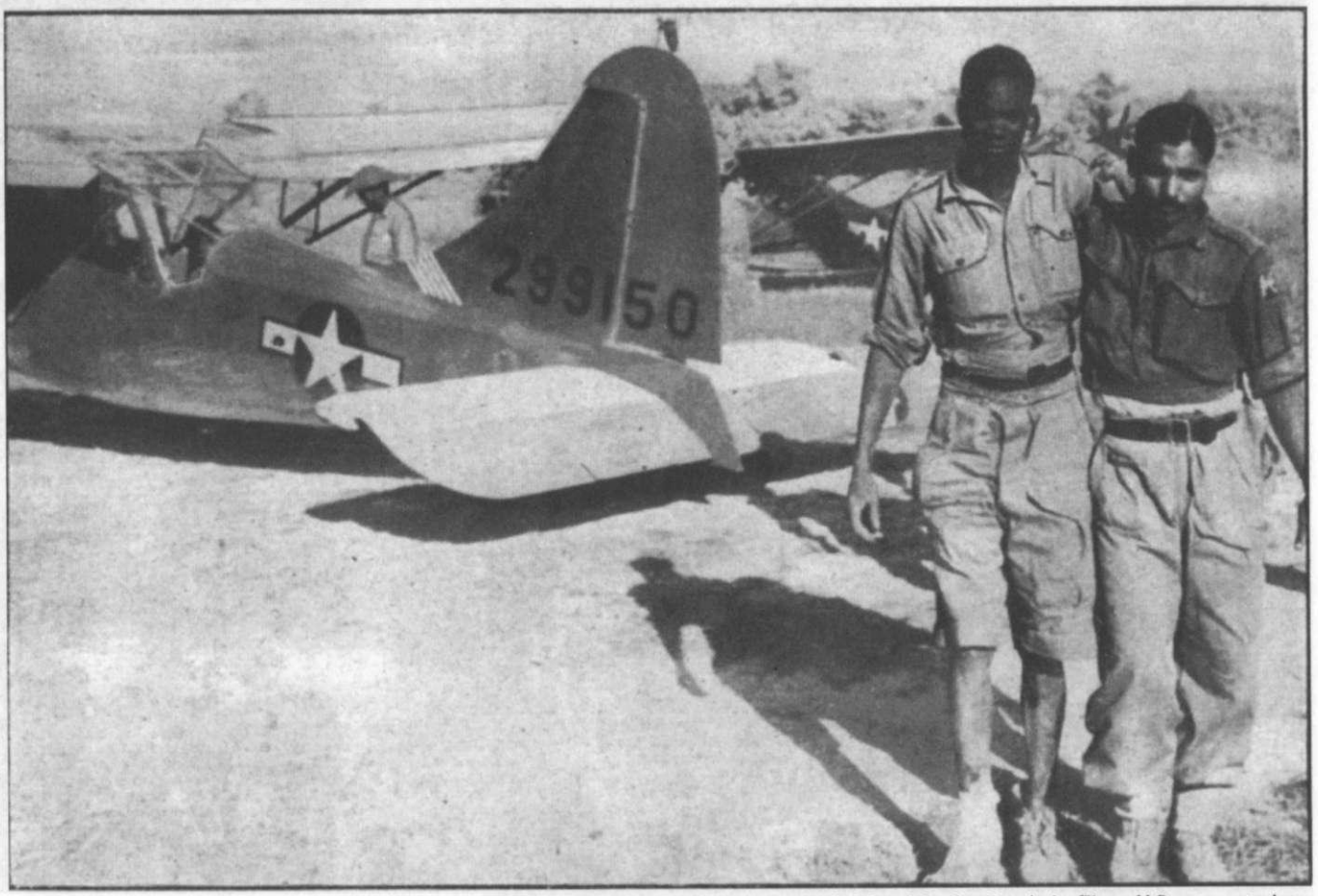
Those who have seen that fine British war film, Burma Victory, will pause at pages 48-49, depicting the Sentinel light aeroplane which the film showed operating over and amid the Burmese jungle. This "Grasshopper" class of light liaison aircraft came into service with the U.S.A.A.F. in 1941. About a dozen types of high-wing monoplanes (all much like our own Auster) were produced. Eventually, two were selected for basic production. These were the Piper Cub and the Stinson Sentinel, known respectively as the L-4 or L-14, and the L-5, the letter "L" standing for "liaison" (illustrations in this page).

Nicknamed "Jungle Angels," unarmed Sentinel ambulances (L-5Bs) of the Allied Eastern Air Command carried out food and blood plasma, mail, messages, ammunition and medical supplies, and brought back sick and wounded. They acted as artillery spotters, observed Japanese troop movements, became "flying jeeps" for staff officers and technicians between bases and fronts. They rescued aircraft crews and salvaged valuable equipment—guns, instruments, and radio—from jungle-wrecked aircraft. At night, headlamps of jeeps illuminated jungle airstrips for liaison pilots to fly in and off.

Such feats by light aeroplanes fitted with six-cylinder, air-cooled engines of 175 h.p. seem remarkable until we recall that most of the fighting and reconnaissance of the First Great War was carried out in aircraft of about equal or even lower power and lighter weight. This leads to the realization that the lordly monarchs of the skies, with 2,000-plus h.p. motors, and landing speeds of plus-100 m.p.h., also illustrated in Volume 6 of Aircraft of the Fighting Powers, cannot do everything in the air, either in war or peace, and that the light aeroplane, like the family car, will have its place in the flying world.

NORMAN MACMILLAN

**PIPER CUB, U.S. MARINE OBSERVATION PLANE, flew in low over Naha, Okinawa's capital, before the American landings in April 1945. Known officially as the L-4 or L-14, a three-seat light monoplane powered with a single 75 h.p. four-cylinder air-cooled engine, its wing-span is 35 ft., length 22 ft. 6 in. Maximum speed, 95 m.p.h., range 320 miles.** *Photo, U.S. Official*




**FROM A L-5 AMBULANCE MONOPLANE IN BURMA a walking West African casualty is being helped to hospital. These U.S. mercy-service aircraft flew wounded from front line to casualty clearing-station, normally saving many days' road journey—and thousands of lives. Unarmed, with a speed of 120 m.p.h. and powered by a single 175 h.p. six-cylinder engine, they carried food, ammunition, medical supplies on the outward trip, also acted as artillery spotters in Burma and, later, in Italy and on the Western Front.** *Photo, British Official*

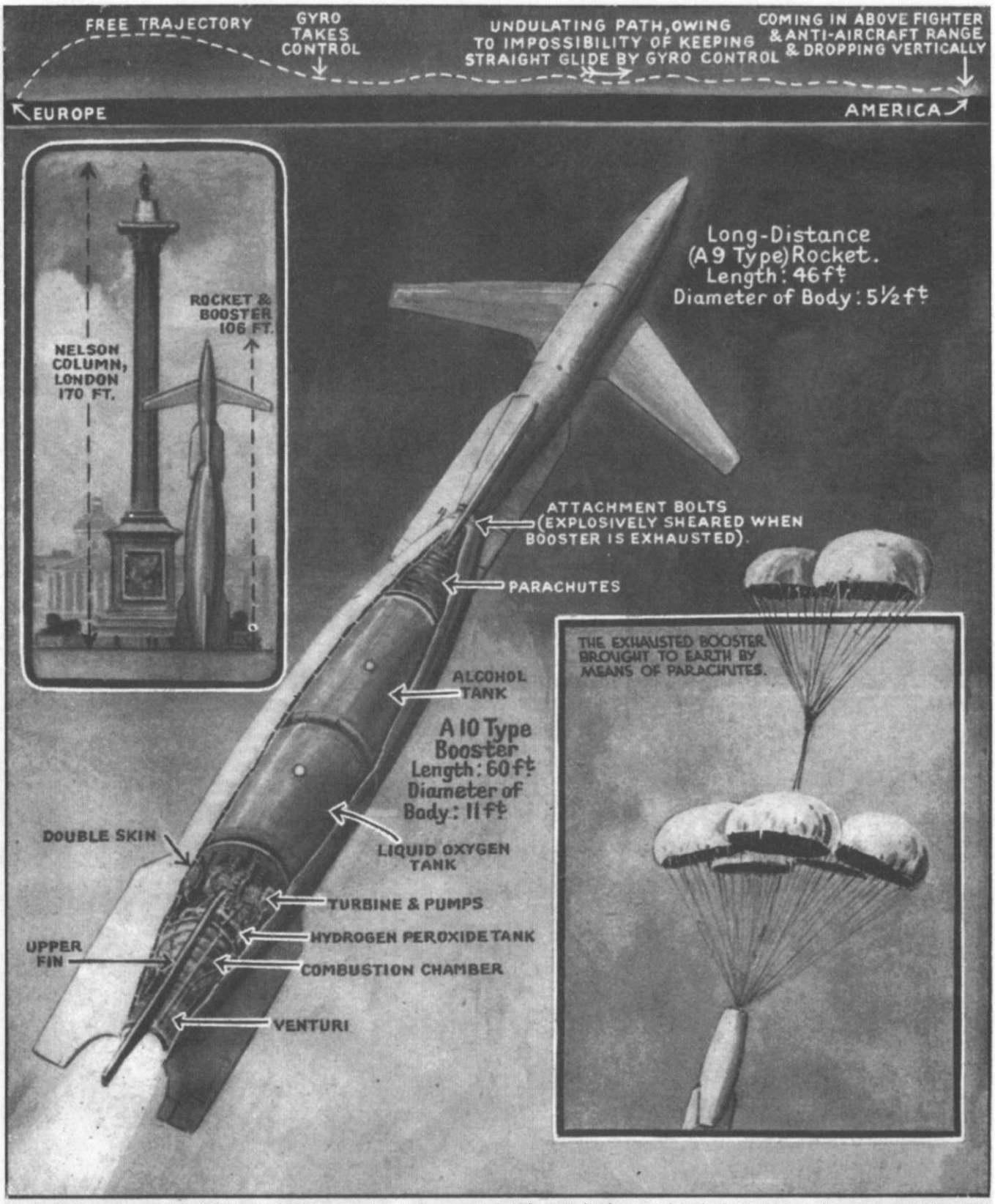
# Awaiting Transformation to Peacetime Needs

**GIGANTIC SALVAGE TASKS** confronted the U.S.A.A.F. in late 1945 with the breaking-up for scrap of unwanted or unserviceable aircraft from various theatres of war. At Walnut Ridge, Arkansas (top), hundreds of B-17 four-engined bombers, lined up in take-off formation, were earmarked as scrap-metal for home industries. On Guam, U.S. base in the Marianas from which Tokyo was bombed, wreckage of Super-Fortresses and naval torpedo bombers (below) awaited the same use. **See also pages 426–427.**



*Photos, Associated Press, New York Times Photos*

# Hitler Hoped to Bomb New York by Rocket


FREE TRAJECTORY
GYRO TAKES CONTROL
UNDULATING PATH, OWING TO IMPOSSIBILITY OF KEEPING STRAIGHT GLIDE BY GYRO CONTROL
COMING IN ABOVE FIGHTER & ANTI-AIRCRAFT RANGE & DROPPING VERTICALLY
EUROPE
AMERICA
NELSON COLUMN, LONDON 170 FT.
ROCKET & BOOSTER 106 FT.
Long-Distance (A9 Type) Rocket. Length: 46ft Diameter of Body: 5½ft
ATTACHMENT BOLTS (EXPLOSIVELY SHEARED WHEN BOOSTER IS EXHAUSTED).
PARACHUTES
THE EXHAUSTED BOOSTER BROUGHT TO EARTH BY MEANS OF PARACHUTES.
ALCOHOL TANK
A10 Type Booster Length: 60ft Diameter of Body: 11ft
DOUBLE SKIN
LIQUID OXYGEN TANK
TURBINE & PUMPS
HYDROGEN PEROXIDE TANK
UPPER FIN
COMBUSTION CHAMBER
VENTURI

**NAZI PLANS TO ROCKET-BOMB AMERICA** were described to the Royal Aeronautical Society in December 1945 by Mr. W. G. A. Perring, F.R.Ae.S., of the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, Hants. From the V2 (called in Germany the A4), with average range of 180-190 miles and total time of flight of five minutes, the Germans had begun, by the end of the War, to develop rockets with wings, whose take-off was assisted by "boosters." These projected long-range winged rockets were called A9, and their boosters A10. Intended to be hurtled across the Atlantic, the method envisaged was to control their undulating glide from a great height by means of gyroscopic instruments and for their exhausted boosters to be brought to earth, on fulfilling their function, by means of parachutes. The speed of such a rocket would be enormous. Flung from its discharge point to a height of some 200 miles, it would describe a curve and fall at a speed of something like 8,000 m.p.h. When—in its downward trajectory—it reached a point about 30 miles above the earth, the gyroscope would come into operation, pulling up the nose and putting the missile into its long glide across the Atlantic till, coming in well above fighter aircraft and A.A. range, it would drop vertically on its target. The development of winged rockets with human control, which could fly from Europe to the U.S. in three-quarters of an hour, is no mere Wellsian fancy but a forecast based on cold, scientific facts. Nearing its destination, the pilot would jettison the rocket's pointed nose, sight his landing-ground, lower his under-carriage, and touch down at approximately 80 m.p.h. Travelling beyond the effective pull of gravity during part of his voyage, the pilot—if unprotected—would at such time have no "weight" and would float inside his cabin. To obviate this, he would be obliged to wear an anti-pressure suit and be strapped prone.

 *Drawn by G. H. Davis. By courtesy of The Illustrated London News*

# I Was There!

**Eye Witness Stories of the War and After**

## Our Welcome Home to Nazi-Ravaged Alderney

The first hundred men and women returned in December 1945 to the Channel Island home they had left in June 1940. David Bernard, who accompanied them, likens the Alderney of today to "a lovely garden that had been ravaged by swine." His story is from The Evening Standard.

ALDERNEY lies 26 miles west of Cherbourg; it is a small island—3½ miles long by 1½ miles broad. It has many drawbacks. The sea passage is as rough as you'll find anywhere around these coasts. There are few trees, dangerous cliffs, no theatres, and morning papers only a few days a week. But in spite of this, or perhaps because of it, life there in the days before the war was extraordinarily pleasant.

There were enough inns, and whisky was 6s. a bottle, a cinema show twice a week and a dance on Saturdays, wherever you walked you were always in sight of the sea, there was a great friendliness among the islanders, they lent their horses, labour and machinery to each other for ploughing or harvesting, without expecting anything in return. That was Alderney in 1939.

The Alderney that we returned to a few days ago was like a lovely garden that had been ravaged by swine. From the ship, heaving in the race that runs round the island, it looked almost the same. The church tower stood out on the skyline, but there were new landmarks—high, black, ugly watch-towers broke the smooth, curved, silhouette of the cliffs, we could see gun-emplacements, trenches, hutted camps.

WHEN we docked we could see a huge sign, "Welcome Home," in white letters on a red background hanging on the ruin of what used to be the building that housed a stone-crushing machine. There was the usual civic reception that marks such occasions, and a band played. No one paid much attention to either. The women made their way to their houses; the men, up the hill to the plateau and their land.

Out of the 514 houses on the island, 100 are uninhabitable; most of the others had been stripped by the Germans of woodwork, doors, window-frames and floors. When our troops landed seven months ago it was almost decided to abandon the island as unfit for occupation; but the people were so eager to return that a start was made to clear up the filth and ruin of houses and fields. Even now, after the great work that has been done, most families will be living in the one room of each house that has been sufficiently repaired.

The small holdings have been pooled to form one collective farm. So have the cattle imported by the Germans—the Alderney herd was sent to Guernsey when the island was evacuated. Gradually they are being brought back. The farmers of Alderney have a passion that amounts almost to fanaticism for the small piece of rich land that has been handed down through generations.

In the chill wind of the morning when they got back, I saw them walking over what is now a 100-acre field, looking for the square stones that used to mark the holdings. But the stones have gone, and so has the independence of the farmers. They will work as labourers on the communal farm at £3 a week until the island is on its feet again.

Perhaps it is a good thing—probably the land will be farmed more scientifically, the cows will be milked by electricity in one dairy, and no doubt the profits will be greater. But, according to the men I spoke to, men who have worked hard all their lives, but have lived a full life in the true sense, this does not weigh much against working for no master and the personal pride of one's own soil. Backward? In a way; yet these people are glad to work as a community, submerging personal interests for a time in order that they can return to the way of life they knew and liked.

As more return—in a month 1,000 will be in Alderney—more shops will open. The tobacconist is already open, so is the butcher. The innkeepers expect the local government to renew their licences this week; stocks have been taken over by boat (whisky will cost 14s. 6d. a bottle). The rough field that served as an airfield now has three good runways, and an inter-island service starts soon.

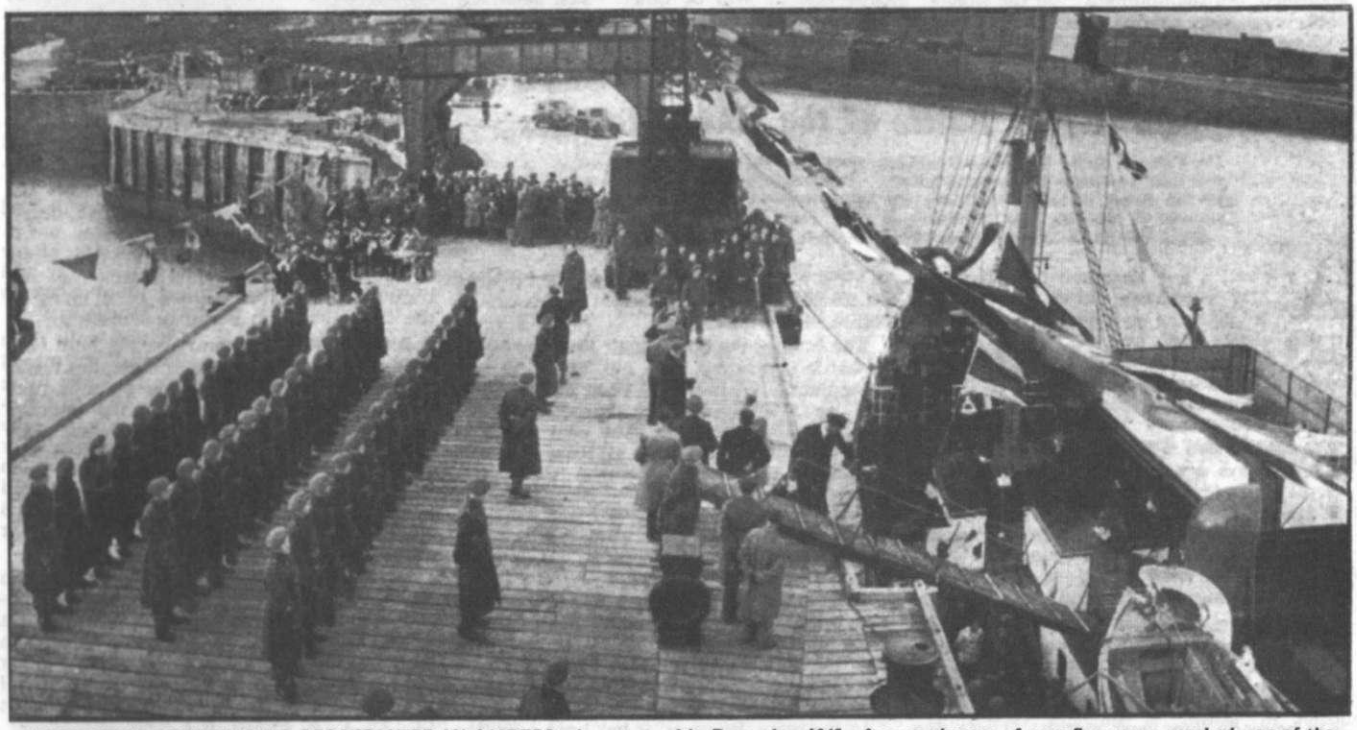
No, the picture is by no means black. In fact, many islanders have benefited by the occupation. The harbour-master, for instance. He had a small cottage; the Germans used it as an officers' mess, enlarged it to twice the size, furnished it beautifully, and left it intact. Electricity, water and drainage systems were all improved. But the main thing is the spirit of the people in volunteering to return, and, by working together, to recreate the island.

## I Met British Detectives in Khaki in Berlin

Helping to maintain law and order in the British zone of the German capital are men from Scotland Yard and pre-war C.I.D. men from our provincial towns and cities. Their methods, which are notably successful, are explained in this dispatch from Richard McMillan to The Evening Standard.

IS your idea of shattered Berlin a city seething with crime and vice and violence, a second Chicago with gangsterism rampant, and with the night a riot of murder? That is not quite the right picture. That is one of the surprises that await you when you come back to the capital again, for while it may not be a model of law and order it most certainly is not the worst in the world.

In fact, crime statistics are dropping month by month. So far as the British sector is concerned there is notable success in the battle against the underworld. It is a victory for the British police methods. Men from Scotland Yard and detectives who in peace-time served in the Criminal Investigation Department in big provincial towns, are operating today as the Army's crack sleuths here.



**ALDERNEY'S GREETING TO REPATRIATED ISLANDERS** who returned in December 1945, after an absence of over five years, marked one of the happiest days in the island's history. After the prolonged German occupation only the barest necessities were available, but, as told in this page, homecomers who had not seen their island since June 1940 stepped ashore to a warm welcome. The quay where they disembarked had been designed (in the days of the Nazi triumph) for the purpose of a German landing at Brighton.

I met one of the chiefs of this band of British detectives in khaki—the Army's Sherlock Holmes—Colonel T. Holmes, who before he joined up was a detective-superintendent in Durham County. His job takes him into all sectors of Berlin, but principally he is concerned with helping to organize and run the German police.

As the Russians dismissed all the Nazi-tainted Berlin police, we have had to build up and train a new force. They are being trained on British lines. Our methods have been so successful in keeping the crime-wave down that the British sector is regarded as the model of police work in Berlin.

Our C.I.D. experts are teaching the Germans not only to fight murder, but blackmail, housebreaking, black market rackets and vice. Although some irresponsible elements from Allied forces, such as deserters, and roving nighthawks from among displaced people, engage occasionally in gangster-like duels this is by no means a regular thing.

### Blackmail a Problem in Berlin

Colonel Holmes told me it was the custom to raid suspected houses and cafés from time to time. "That is how we are able to rope in small black market traders who traffic largely in British Army foodstuffs," he said. During such raids the German police also round up hundreds of suspected women at night clubs for interrogation.

"The murder rate is falling," added the colonel. "In November there were fifteen murders in the British sector, but in December only one. The German civilian is not the gangster type when he goes in for crime. He is more likely to be a housebreaker or robber. He knows the penalty for being caught with a pistol. But blackmail is still a problem in Berlin. Whereas it used to deal with the secrets of a person's morals, now it is usually based on a threat to betray the victim by denouncing him as a former active Nazi. We find that there is not much tendency to shield the Nazi gangs. The Berliner, in defeat, seems to hold a grudge against the Nazi leaders."

The black market in British cigarettes is decreasing. As the crime wave has died down so much, the 11 p.m. curfew has been abolished, but the midnight "off the streets" order continues in operation for American soldiers and civilians in the American zone. Berlin by night is beginning to look more gay, if there can be such a thing as gaiety among so much destruction, misery, hunger and apathy.

**TRAINING THE NEW GERMAN POLICE is one of the important tasks of our authorities in the occupied Reich. To replenish the ranks of the de-Nazified police an increasing number of recruits are required. Suitable candidates are given a special course, including instruction in artificial respiration, here being demonstrated.** *Photo, Keystone*

Lights still burn around the prisoner of war camps where the Nazi S.S. men are corralled each evening, until it is time for them to go out again in the morning to work to restore some order out of chaos. Lights blaze along the boulevards, too, as the homeless cluster around braziers to keep warm. Walking along Berlin's Piccadilly, Kurfurstendamm, at midnight, you might hear shots in the dark.

"Probably some troops having a little horseplay," a military policeman will tell you. "You know what soldiers are." Otherwise all will be quiet. Yes, Sherlock Holmes in British uniform can well be proud of a job well done in keeping down the German thug and political conspirator.

## *Sappers' Great Battle of the Rhine Bridges*

**The Corps of Royal Engineers is tackling operations which, when completed, will take a place in engineering history. Temporary structures thrown up by the Army in battle conditions are being replaced by sappers, whose manner of working was witnessed, in Dec. 1945, by H. D. Ziman, The Daily Telegraph correspondent. His account is here slightly condensed.**

At Wesel a few days ago I watched the first permanent bridge across the Rhine being built over its wide waters. It was raining hard, and the rain changed to snow, but the Corps of Royal Engineers undertakes jobs which no civil contractor would attempt in winter. After dark the sappers continue by "artificial moonlight," with searchlights floodlighting their work.

Seven days a week they are putting in on Wesel Bridge. For if they have not got the bridge finished early in January, ice may sweep away the present temporary Rhine bridges and the Army of Occupation would thus be cut off from all but ferry communication with the west.

So, rain or snow, daylight or dark, the sappers are pressing on to complete a double carriageway across the Rhine. Farther up the river, at Cologne, another R.E. unit is building a similar but shorter bridge, which is to be ready later next month. These two giant bridges, involving 8,000 to 10,000 tons of concrete apiece, and roughly 2,000 tons of steel, are only a small part of the bridging on which the R.E. are engaged in this dismal region of Germany.

The bridges the Army built in a few hours in battle conditions were not meant to last more than a few months. Their design could pay no attention to the barge traffic of Continental waterways. The coal which is now piled up inaccessible at Ruhr pitheads lies there not merely because Germany's railway system is battered, but because during the battle our engineers could not pause to unblock canals or to build bridges sufficiently raised above the water-level to allow coal-barges to pass beneath them.

Before visiting Wesel I saw some of the new bridges already made and others now in their final stages. In a few instances it was possible to jack up a concrete bridge built by the Germans and put in a kind of reinforced concrete "patch" either end.

In the main, however, it has been a matter of breaking up and removing the old German bridge, building a new approach and carrying across the canal, river or road a new construction in double or triple-storey Bailey spans, with approach spans laid on steel joists.

Bailey bridges are of extremely light thin steel, and in a year or so they would rust away beyond the safety margin, but given paint and a few spanners they are not difficult to maintain, and they should last the Germans 10 or 20 years, while their foundations will stay good for permanent civilian bridging.

In general the bridging programme was completely to time before the beginning of December 1945. Sometimes two months' work was needed for a single operation; for instance, the bridging of the 110-ft. span at Hiltrup. The men who built this and many other bridges were an old Territorial unit from Kent originally trained to operate searchlights on the Medway, later used for oil demolitions at the time of Dunkirk. and in 1944 as general assault engineers. The officer in charge was a mining engineer in civil life. But searchlights, oil demolitions, tunnelling or bridge building—it is all one; the R.E. will turn their hand to anything.

One unit of three companies has cleared 20 bridges with an average span of 300 ft. from the Ruhr waterways, built the Herne bridge with 230 ft. of dual carriageway and tramways, and then turned to opening up the autobahn from Berlin to Duisburg.

Another R.E. company, having built three semi-permanent autobahn bridges, has turned to maintaining the main British traffic route into Germany, employing for the improvement of the autobahn and the supply route 13 civilian German firms. The British Pioneer Corps, which used to do much of this rough work during the campaign, has been relieved of this duty in Germany, and the sappers employ either German civilian labour or Wehrmacht parties awaiting discharge.

On the Wesel Bridge one skilled German Army steel construction company, one unskilled labour unit of the Wehrmacht and a number of German contractors with civilian labourers are employed, working under the direction of XII Corps Troops Royal Engineers, whose commanding officer is Lt.-Col. L. F. Heard, R.E.

Work started on October 1, and when finished it will probably go down in engineer-

ing history not merely as an example of rapidity of construction but as a major bridging operation carried out on entirely unorthodox lines. The bridge, 2,032 ft. long, is to carry two roadways side by side with a cycle-track between them and a foot-walk at the side.

Most of the material is standard double-storey or triple-storey Bailey, designed to get as long a span as possible, the two centre navigational spans being each 240 ft. long. It is supported on seven piers, each consisting of 70 ft. long steel tubes 22 ins. across and filled with reinforced concrete. The central pier contains a trestle of 24 of these tubes and the remaining piers 18 tubes apiece.

The designer of the bridge, Major Ralph Freeman, R.E., decided to make use in the first stages of the wooden trestle bridge built on this site by the United States Army. Above this "Roosevelt Bridge" a false or temporary Bailey 15 ft. high has been built, and above this the real bridge is to be built, with the central section run across on rollers.

Once the first main roadway is across it will be jacked slowly to one side on to the concrete bases which await it at the top of the steel trestles. Then the central spans of the second and parallel roadway will be drawn across to take the position from which the first roadway has been edged. The Army will complete in a little over three months a job which would normally take a large civil engineering contractor the best part of a year.

Meanwhile, the channel of the Rhine is clear, and I saw processions of Dutch barges being towed up and down under the half-complete new Wesel Bridge. For the present the tugs going downstream have to turn and back their barges down, but when the temporary wooden trestles are removed the passage will be less obstructed, and the battle of German coal move faster.

**BAILEY BRIDGE ACROSS THE RHINE near Rees, just above the site of the assault crossings, was built by 936 Royal Engineers Port Construction and Repair Company in exactly four weeks. Work was started on April 18, 1945, and the last section swung into position on May 16. This was part of the great task of rehabilitating Germany's wrecked transport system.** *Photo, British Official*

**P.L.A. POLICEMEN engaged in the anti-smuggling "drive" are instructed how to search suspects (top), and (bottom) how to handle awkward offenders.** *Photos, Fox*

## *They Teach Them All the Smugglers' Tricks*

Ex-Commandos and other demobbed men are learning to be Port of London policemen—learning the multiple wiles of the modern smuggler, in order to be able to defeat him. An Evening Standard reporter looked in at their classroom, furnished with exhibits from the Port of London Authority's crime museum, and this is his story.

At the new training school within the Albert Dock, I saw the first batch of post-war recruits, 30 tall, brawny men, aged between 26 and 33, seated at their desks like schoolboys, while Divisional Inspector S. S. Cox, Director of Studies, showed them how to search a suspected smuggler, and the meaning of the peculiar collection of criminals' gadgets on the table before him. Each gadget was an exhibit in a true detective story, from the crime museum of the P.L.A. police.

There was a Chinese seaman's grubby shirt with pockets still stained with smuggled opium. And a "screw-driver" that unscrewed at the metal end and disclosed the handle as a hollow receptacle for £10 worth of cocaine. And a padlocked hinge of which the metal core on which it turned had been made removable by an upward shove of a pencil and then replaceable after the case had been robbed. Also an innocent-looking length of wood that proved when the concealed stopper in one end was removed to be bored with a tube filled with valuable essential oils, worth up to £10 an oz. It still reeked fragrantly.

Chief P.L.A. Police Officer W. H. Simmons was looking on. He praised highly the type of his recruits. Some had been commissioned officers in the Forces. All had seen rough war service in many parts of the world. He told me more of the tricks of the contraband trade they will have to get wise to.

I heard of the man with 36 pairs of stockings hung on a "line" round his chest and 12 more pairs draped round his legs. Of men whose pants tied round the ankles prove to be full of tea. Of the cases that arrived at their Bombay destination stuffed with bricks, their original content of safety razors having been stolen by black marketeers en route. Of men with rubber hot-water bottles, filled with wine or spirits, secreted in the small of their backs.

He showed me the pride of the museum—the drug chest. It contained samples of all the contraband drugs—opium, cocaine, hashish, morphia. There was a wicked-looking hashish pipe, too. The recruits will handle these dangerous drugs. Smuggling in drugs is still troublesome. Quite recently two big "stops" of opium (7 lb. and 8 lb.) were made by the P.L.A. police.

### ★—*As The Years Went By—Notable Days in the War*—★

**1941**

January 22. *Australians under Gen. Wavell entered Tobruk, capturing 25,000 Italians.*
January 24. *British invaded Italian Somaliland.*

**1942**

January 22. *Japs landed at Rabaul, New Britain.*
January 25. *Japanese landed at Lae, New Guinea.*
January 26. *U.S. troops arrived in N. Ireland.*

**1943**

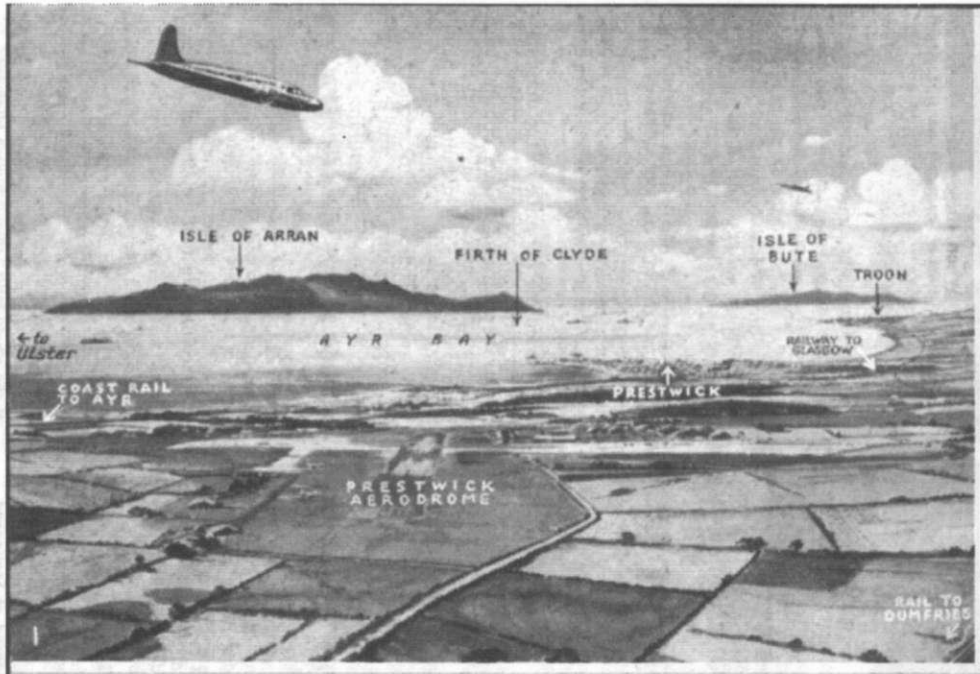
January 23. *Eighth Army entered Tripoli.*
January 27. *U.S. heavy bombers made first raid on Germany, attacking Wilhelmshaven.*
January 31. *Field-Marshal Paulus and fifteen German generals surrendered at Stalingrad.*

**1944**

January 22. *Fifth Army troops landed south of Rome, near Anzio and Nettuno.*
January 27. *Leningrad completely liberated.*
January 31. *U.S. forces launched amphibious attack on Kwajalein, in the Marshall Islands.*

**1945**

January 19. *Lodz and Cracow taken by Red Army.*
January 23. *Russian troops reached the Oder.*
January 26. *Ardennes bulge cleared of Germans.*
January 27. *Capture of Memel by Russian troops cleared all Lithuania of Germans.*
January 28. *First convoy reached China by way of the newly-built Stilwell-Burma Highway.*



**THREE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST AIRPORTS** will play a part in the development of Britain's expanding air traffic. Prestwick, Ayrshire (1), has been eastern terminal for all North Atlantic flights since 1941, enjoying a reputation second to none for clear-weather conditions. From here the flight to New York is 250 miles shorter than by the more southerly routes. Mosquitoes of the R.A.F. line the well-laid-out Seletar airfield at Singapore (2), thoroughly restored since it was freed on September 5, 1945. Home terminal for the new Britain-South America service, of which the pioneer flight began on January 1, 1946 (see page 640), is at Heath Row (3), 14 miles from London. Begun in 1941 for the R.A.F., costing £25,000,000, and covering 1,500 acres, its main runway is 3,000 yards long. *No. 1 by courtesy of The Sphere*

# The R.A.F. in War and Peace

By CAPTAIN
**NORMAN MACMILLAN**
M.C., A.F.C.

TODAY the R.A.F. is like a cistern, with demobilized officers and men flowing through the outlet, and volunteers and recruits directed under the National Service Act passing through the inlet. So far, no Government pronouncement has been made about the post-war strength of the R.A.F. Possibly a statement may be made when the Air Estimates are presented in March or April.

During the war years, in common with all the Services, the Air Estimates were presented as a token sum of £100. It is to be presumed that 1946 will see the first true estimate since 1939. Until the post-war strength is fixed it is impossible to form any judgement on the sufficiency of the present inlet flow into the R.A.F. compared with the fixed outlet under the demobilization scheme.

It is noticeable, however, that the R.A.F. is sending recruiting officers to country towns to interview and advise volunteers for the R.A.F. and W.A.A.F., and this leads one to suppose that without additional stimulus, the recruiting rate may be insufficient to maintain the R.A.F. at the strength required to meet current commitments throughout the world. Although bullets, rockets, cannon shells and bombs no longer engage the aircraft of the R.A.F., except on a fortunately small scale in Indonesia, the work of the Air Service is still large-scale.

Transport Command alone operates a large fleet of aircraft on continuous duty. There are the British Air Forces of Occupation in Germany, now commanded by a Marshal of the R.A.F. since the elevation of Sir Sholto Douglas to that rank. The other new Marshal of the R.A.F. is Sir Arthur Harris, on sick leave after treatment in Princess Mary's R.A.F. Hospital at Halton, Bucks.

During the War large numbers of Canadians entered the R.A.F. for war service. Fully half of the staff of the radar section was manned by Canadians. Some Canadians may desire to remain in the R.A.F., but many will doubtless be keen to go home. It is likely that the R.A.F. in the near future will revert to its between-the-wars personnel position of being mainly recruited from the United Kingdom. Pay increases make it a more attractive service than before.

THE demobilization position is today very different from that of 1919. Then there were only the R.A.F. and W.R.A.F to consider. The W.R.A.F. was quickly reduced in size, and on August 15, 1919, orders were issued for its total disbandment, and by March 31, 1920, the W.R.A.F. was completely demobilized. The R.A.F. was then a Service instituted in war. None of its officers had permanent R.A.F. commissions. Indeed, it was not known while the war continued if the R.A.F. had come to stay as a separate Service, and everyone connected with it knows how hard Lord Trenchard had to fight for the continuance of the R.A.F. as a separate Service, when first peacetime Chief of the Air Staff.

### AUXILIARY Air Force Lost Its Distinctive Territorial Character

In consequence of the wartime status of the R.A.F. in the First Great War every officer serving in the R.A.F. had to apply for a permanent commission after the war was over if he wanted to remain in it. I well remember attending the first engineering course at Halton for permanent officers, in 1919, although I decided later to leave the R.A.F. and enter civil aviation as a test pilot. One or two officers who attended that course have done well in the R.A.F., and rose to high air rank during the recent War. In 1919 officers who did not remain in the R.A.F. permanently retired, retaining their rank, or were transferred to what was called the Unemployed List. The Unemployed List was discontinued when demobilization was complete and the permanent R.A.F. was formed. There was then no R.A.F. Reserve. In the coal strike of 1921 volunteers were called for to augment the diminutive air force, and when these volunteers returned to civil life the first Reserve of Air Force Officers was formed, which they were invited to enter. The volunteers among the other ranks were almost all N.C.O.s; one unit had only one corporal and no aircraftmen; all the others were sergeants.

Then Lord Trenchard started his short service scheme to produce a trained reserve. It applied to commissioned and non-commissioned ranks, and gradually the regular reserve was built up behind the small regular air force. The Auxiliary Air Force began in 1925 in a small way. It grew to 16 squadrons by the beginning of the Second Great War.

About two years before the recent War began the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve was formed, and the R.A.F. Reserve was then open only to those who had served in the regular formations. With the outbreak of the War in 1939 the R.A.F. College at Cranwell was closed, and all entrants into the air service were admitted into the Volunteer Reserve. That explains why the A.A.F. did not grow in size during the War, and why A.A.F. squadrons could not keep the distinctive territorial character which they possessed in peacetime, but after the Battle of Britain became as hybrid as any squadron of the R.A.F. with regular, reserve, auxiliary and volunteer reserve personnel serving wherever they were posted.

I believe the highest V.R. rank was reached by Air Vice-Marshal Donald C. T. Bennett, who has now returned to civil aviation and commanded Star Light on her exploratory journey from Heath Row airfield on January 1, 1946, to Buenos Aires for British South American Air Lines (see illus. page 640). Among A.A.F. members, Lord Willoughby de Broke became an Air Commodore as Air Ministry Director of Public Relations, and Whitney Straight reached the same rank.

Today it is a more straightforward matter than in 1919 to convert the wartime air force into the peacetime air force. The nucleus already exists in the full-time permanent officers and men who have survived. I have no guide to the number of pre-war regular R.A.F. who were killed in the war, but I should say that the greatest number of casualties occurred among short service, A.A.F., Reserve, and V.R. personnel, with incomparably the greatest number among V.R.s.

### ESTABLISHMENT of a New R.A.F. Reserve Command With 6 Regions

In the War it was always possible to distinguish the A.A.F. by their "A" insignia. It was never possible to distinguish between the permanent, short-service, and reserve personnel by their uniform, but the V.R. section was segregated by the wearing of these initials by all ranks until an advanced period of the War. When these initials were discontinued it became impossible to tell one branch of the R.A.F. from another, with the exception of the now small A.A.F., and the medical, dental, educational and chaplain branches, who wore special insignia.

To demobilize the R.A.F. quickly it would be necessary only to disembody the R.A.F.V.R. Merely the skeleton of the wartime R.A.F. would then be left. Obviously that cannot be done, owing to Air Force requirements. Already the A.A.F. has reverted to its pre-war status, but this force was relatively so small as to have little effect upon the force required today.

Meanwhile, a new R.A.F. Reserve Command has been established with six Group regions in the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland. This will administer the A.A.F., R.A.F.V.R., and the Air Training Corps, and soon it should become possible for volunteers to enter these reserve formations of the Air Force for part-time duties, under this new organization. This indicates that the peacetime regular Air Force will comprise the staff formations of permanent and short service members and that the regular reserve created from them may be administered direct by the Air Ministry.

THE size of this regular Air Force, when fixed, will determine career prospects for those who wish to join the R.A.F. for permanent or short-term service. In that opening, together with those of the Royal Navy Air Branch, and Civil Aviation, lie the opportunities for air operational careers for the young men of today. Through the new R.A.F. Reserve Command, those who are engaged on other work in normal hours, can find the joy of part-time Air Force activity.

Elsewhere, the aircraft industry, although shrinking from its wartime size, has opportunities for the skilful and courageous among our youth.

**R.A.F. GROUND CREW IN BATAVIA** services a Thunderbolt at Kemajoran airfield, in readiness for operations against Indonesian extremists in Sourabaya—necessitated by attacks such as those of December 9, 1945, when a British convoy was ambushed, and of January 13, 1946, when a British column suffered a similar fate. *Photo, British Official*

# The Editor Looks Back

### FUNNY BUSINESS — Nov. 25, 1939

Indeed this war grows "curiouser and curiouser," and it certainly has many characteristics in common with the adventures of Alice. One of the curious points that I have registered was in listening last night to the broadcast of the brilliant entertainment given "somewhere in France." Even the most imperative prohibitions imposed upon editors were light-heartedly ignored by the announcer. He described a theatrical building, arranged "somewhat in the form of an opera house" with numerous boxes and tiers of seats, reaching to an imposing height and capable of containing a very large audience. And in the middle of the first row of the dress circle he informed us that Viscount Gort, the British C.-in-C., together with many others of the high command, both French and English, were seated. The whole mass of auditors being clothed in British khaki and French horizon-blue gave an extraordinary colour effect.

As I never underestimate the intelligence of our enemies any more than I should be tempted to underestimate their villainy, it struck me, on hearing this, that the information given could have left hardly any doubt as to where some German bombers might fly in order to have a rich drop of casualties with a possible chance of wiping out a large part of the High Command, for it requires no particular astuteness to guess at the locality of the building so vividly described by the very able announcer. The entertainment was first-class, however, so all was well that ended well.

*THE theatre was that of Arras, as the Huns must surely have known—the compère's description of the interior was so exact—and one can only suppose they were merely codding the Anglo-French innocents by not displaying their knowledge with a few tons of bombs when Noel Coward and Maurice Chevalier and other entertainers were making fun for the crowded audience of Allied soldiers.*

### GERMANS OR HITLER? — Dec. 2, 1939

Thanks, Captain Balfour! Although you speak only as an Under-Secretary at present, it is a pleasure to hear one official voice that does not conform to the formula: denounce Hitler, but spare the Germans. "No Germans, no Hitler," is my answer to that. (Thanks also to Field-Marshal Lord Milne for his "plain, blunt man" speech on the same subject.) Let's admit that aggressiveness and arrogance are Prussian characteristics and we'll not be far wrong. The typical member of that square-headed, insolent-eyed race believes in aggression and conquest, and has small use for the humane virtues. Pre-war Prussia had a population of more than forty million, and over half of these were racially pure Prussians. Among the Bavarians, Saxons and Austrians there are millions of decent Germans . . . in Bavaria until Hitler corrupted them from his Munich focal centre . . . and with these it might be possible to live on terms of equality. But there will be no peace in Europe unless and until we have settled accounts not only with Hitler and Hitlerism, but with the Prussians and Prussianism.

*FROM the very start I had opposed the silly effort of the British propaganda to distinguish between the Nazis and the Germans. But how wonderful it is to be alive while the effort to "re-educate" these Barbaric people is being seriously attempted! Even now they must not be trusted very far, as all observers are agreed that the general feeling of the Germans is not sorrow for the crimes of the Nazi regime, but regret that Hitler's crusade of terrorism ended in failure.*

### SEEN AND HEARD — Dec. 9, 1939

"This war has been checked by prayer" is the authoritative statement of a religious contemporary. I was wondering what had "checked" it.

**Dec. 30, 1939**

"I just can't realize there's a war on" was a phrase to which I overheard a husky young man give utterance as he walked along in the sparkling sunshine on the Eastbourne parade with a family group of pleasure-seekers during the Christmas season. That is a dreadful attitude of mind and if it were to become general it would augur badly for our victorious issue from the present conflict. Who is to blame? Nobody but the Press Censorship and the Ministry of Information, which are daily doing their damnedest to encourage this illusion in the common mind.

**Jan. 6, 1940**

Apropos an earlier Jotting . . "The Fool hath said in his Folly 'there's no War on.'" If he will but attempt a walk from Ludgate Circus to Piccadilly any evening during black-out . . and preferably without a torch . . . he will realize that there's something very extraordinary "on." Bombs and bullets are not the only methods of death and disablement. The black-out hath its victories not less renowned than the bomb!

### PRICE OF CIGARS — Jan. 6, 1940

Talking about rising prices, my wife today purchased a refill for my pocket torch and had to pay three shillings and sixpence for it, the same as one which she bought early in the war at a shilling. And last night, after dinner at a well-known restaurant in the West End, I was charged four shillings for a cigar which would have cost at most half-a-crown before the war. These may be exceptional cases, but I am not too sure of that, as I have heard of various other instances within the experience of my friends. Anyway, it is clear that in most classes of purchasable goods profiteering is going on, despite the valiant efforts of the innumerable controllers to prevent it.

*THERE was actually less reason for these prices in January 1940 than in January 1946, when a genuine Havana cigar may cost a guinea and a smokable Jamaican, which once sold for a shilling, can now command four times that! A well-known maître d' hotel told me the other day of his "disgust" at seeing visitors from starving countries "with bunches of pound notes in their hands" readily paying a guinea for a Havana cigar! So far as I can judge, the Peace is at present as "phoney" as the War appeared to be in its opening phases.*

### IT STILL STANDS — Jan. 13, 1940

Whichever of London's familiar monuments may be doomed to suffer damage in the air raids that are threatened . . . if Goering has by accident stumbled into truth lately . . . let's be sure the Albert Memorial will escape. Simply because so many would be glad to see it demolished. One of these is Professor R. G. Collingwood, who, in his newly-published Autobiography, says of it: "Everything about it was visibly misshapen, corrupt, crawling, verminous," and goes on, "for a time I could not bear to look at it and passed with averted eyes." I've never felt its hideous presence so keenly as all that; but then I can look even at a crocodile or the terminus of a mandrill without endangering the metabolism of my lunch in the slightest. Guess I haven't got the artistic temperament awful bad, so to speak.

*BUT the Albert Memorial had a narrow squeak when in July 1944 a flying bomb, which took heavy toll of human life, fell some 400 yards away on Kensington Palace Mansions. So completely were several of the victims destroyed that no vestige of them was ever found.*

### WHY NO GAS? — Jan. 13, 1940

An anti-Nazi German of my acquaintance, who quite uncomplainingly had to suffer some seven or eight weeks of detention in one of our internment camps at the outbreak of the war, told me yesterday that he had met a German friend, like himself strongly opposed to the Nazi regime, who had been in "the Fatherland" more recently than he, and this friend gave him a word of advice, "Always carry your gas mask." I understand that he did not provide any reason for the advice other than a knowing look. Personally, I doubt the probability of our experiencing gas attacks, not from the slightest compunction on the part of a ruthless, inhuman enemy, but because of the difficulty of carrying them out effectively.

*ACCORDING to recent information the Nazis had discovered a poison gas against which none of the millions of gas masks, which were issued to us at tremendous cost, would have been of the slightest use. Why have not those millions of masks been called in? It might be thought they were worth gathering for the rubber they would yield; but perhaps the cost of reclaiming that would not prove economic. The only use mine was ever put to was for entering a pantry where the mechanism of a refrigerator had broken down and filled the place with dense and otherwise impenetrable fumes! It would be interesting to know how many of these masks have been mislaid.*

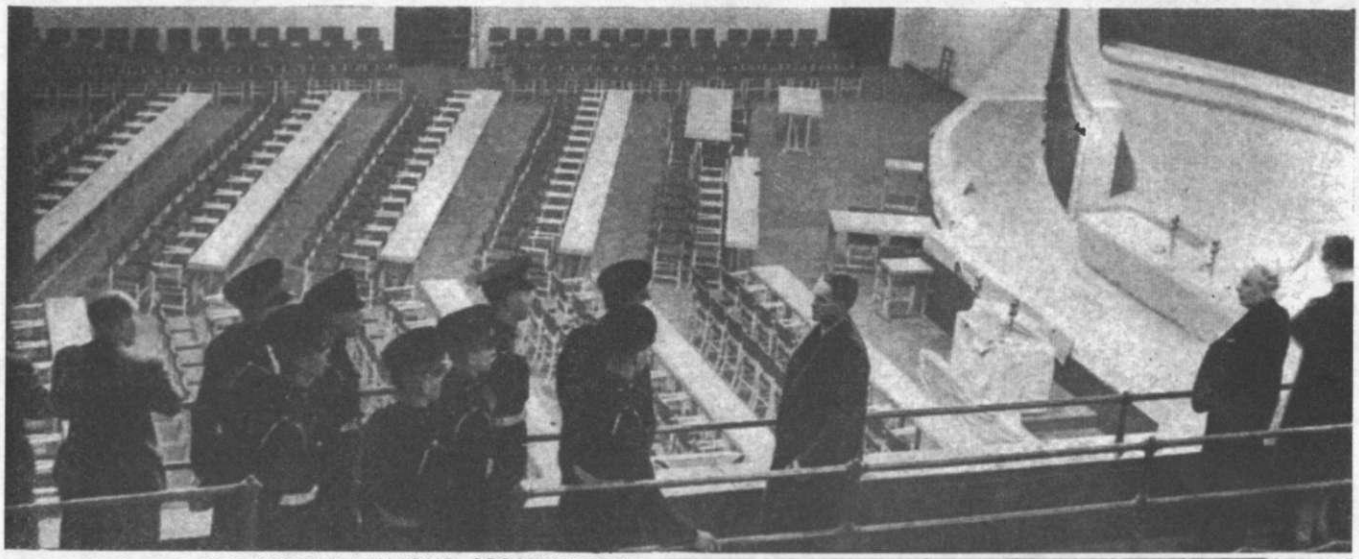
## ※ POSTSCRIPT ※

THE formation is announced of "The London Flower-Lovers' League," the members of which are pledged to beautify the city by growing plants and flowers. Next summer, certificates will be awarded to those window-box gardeners and others who have led the way in brightening the drabber places among London's ruins. As a garden-enthusiast, I can think of few small efforts likely to produce such large and lasting results.

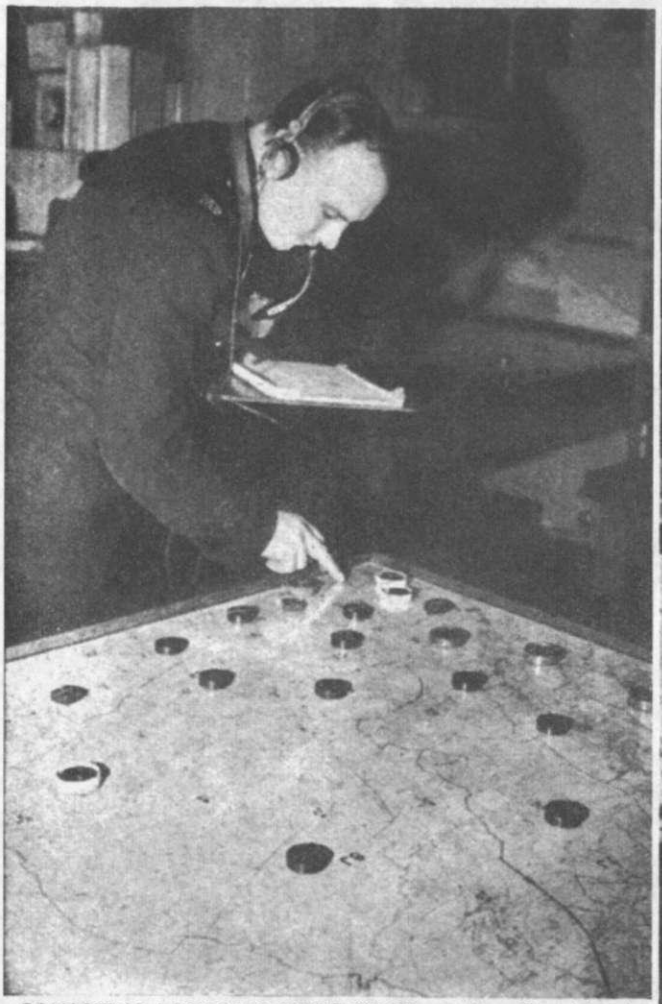
IN the same week recently there came from the publishers two long and learned books dealing with The Human Face and The Psychology of Gesture respectively. Neither, it seems, proved anything very conclusively, but they set me wondering as to what has happened to a very remarkable London "character" who scorned all forms of publicity and of address other than "Jock" and who before the war numbered half the British aristocracy among his "patients." By merely squinting at the soles and heels of your shoes he could diagnose—with alarming accuracy—the most minute details regarding your health and way of living.

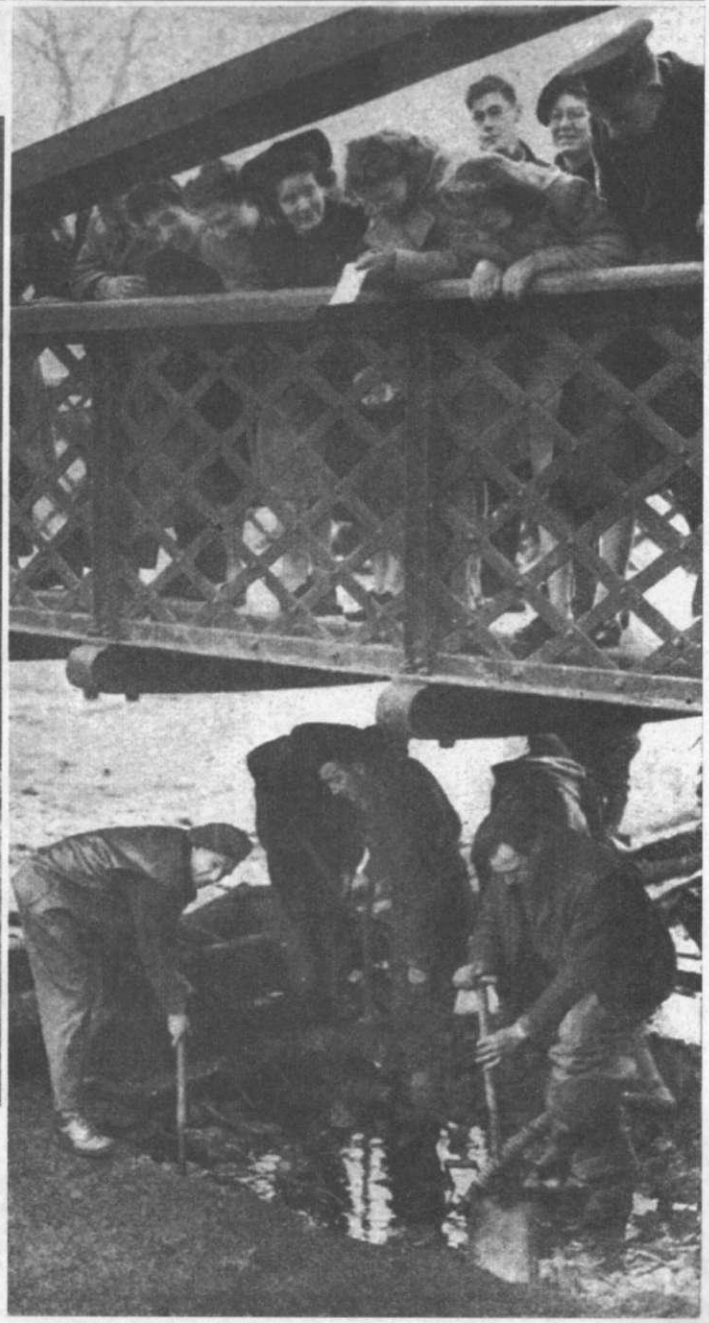
MAJOR-GENERAL LAHOUSEN, former deputy chief of the German Intelligence and a prosecution witness at Nuremberg, has disclosed that in the opinion of those who fought against him General Eisenhower was the greatest general of the war—with ten times the authority of any German general. The trouble with the Germans was that this particular piece of Intelligence should have taken so long to dawn on them!

# In Britain Now: Where the U.N.O. Assembles



**PREPARING FOR THE UNITED NATIONS ORGANIZATION** Assembly, which opened in the Central Hall, Westminster, on January 10, 1946, Col. N. E. Marriott, of the Royal Marines, officer in charge of the public gallery, explained their duties to his men, whom he is facing (above). They check passes, scrutinize visitors, and conduct delegates to their places. See also illus. pages 624-625, 629.





**COMBATING LONDON'S CRIME WAVE,** a police officer (above) at Scotland Yard plots, on a specially-devised large-scale map, the position of each patrol car in the London area. On receiving an emergency call he is able, by means of radio, to direct to the scene of the crime the patrol car nearest to it.

**BOMB IN ST. JAMES'S PARK,** dropped by the Luftwaffe in 1941, four hundred yards from Buckingham Palace, came in for attention from men of No. 2 Bomb Disposal Company, Royal Engineers (right), on January 7, 1946. It made a deep hole in the concrete bed of the lake, almost under the footbridge ; the same day the bridge was closed to the public and the lake drained.



*Photos, Fox, Associated Press, P.A.-Reuter Photos*

# At Britain's New Atlantic Air Terminal

**GIANT LANDING WHEEL OF THE LANCASTRIAN 'STAR LIGHT' was inspected by little Mary Margaret Moore and mother (wife of one of the crew) at Heath Row, new Atlantic air terminal near Staines, Middlesex, on January 1, 1946 (see also page 636). Captained by Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, former ace of the Pathfinders, Star Light was making the first survey flight for the British South American Airways service to Buenos Aires. She set up a record of 28 hours 18 minutes for the flight to Rio de Janeiro, returning on January 15.** *Photo, Central Press*

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